

# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1871.

## The Week.

THE election on Tuesday in this State resulted in a signal overthrow of the Ring, the Legislature having been secured for the Republicans by a nearly two-thirds majority, and the Tammany candidates, except Tweed himself, having been beaten at all points. The bench has been strengthened by the election of Judges Barrett, Daly, and Curtis, and the German element has given General Sigel an emphatic token of its revolt against the thieves. It is needless to comment on the value of this entirely peaceful triumph, which has been followed by the immediate resignation of Sweeny as Commissioner of Public Parks. Elsewhere the Republicans have been generally successful, if not gainers. Mr. Washburn was elected, as a matter of course, in Massachusetts, the Labor Reformers and the Prohibitionists making a feeble demonstration even than last year. In New Jersey, the Republicans failed to elect their candidate for Governor, but still control the Legislature. Another Governor Washburn is elected in Wisconsin over Mr. Doolittle, the Democratic candidate. From Minnesota, Mississippi, and Illinois Republican majorities are reported, and Chicago has made an excellent choice for mayor in the person of Mr. Joseph Medill. In Virginia, the Conservatives have rightfully held their own, but in Maryland the Republicans have made some progress.

The War on the Ring continued up to election day without any marked incident beyond the issue of the order of arrest against Thomas C. Fields, a notorious old politician of the worst stamp, and the colleague of Peter B. Sweeny and Judge Hilton in the Ring Central Park Commission, on a charge of swindling the firemen of the old organization by getting a bill through the Legislature paying them over four hundred thousand dollars in compensation, most of which he pocketed himself. As Mr. Tilden says Sweeny is as bad as any of them, and as Mr. O'Connor says the same thing, and he has virtually confessed that he is, by resigning; and as Fields will soon be under bonds, if he is not so already, we should think Judge Hilton would begin to feel nervous, not, of course, through any consciousness of guilt, but through lonesomeness. We think it might not be amiss for Mr. A. T. Stewart to call the Judge off from his now perilous and exposed position, lest some accident should happen to him. Both his flanks are exposed to the onslaught of a sleepless and determined enemy, and the Judge is too useful a man to be sacrificed in this way. Besides, the popular confidence in his integrity is becoming disgracefully weak. In these days nobody is safe. Mr. Charles O'Connor's labors, in the meantime, perhaps do more to keep up public confidence and ardor than any other feature in the struggle. He has enjoyed, and deservedly enjoyed, for nearly thirty years, the reputation of being the very foremost man in his profession in this State—we believe most members of the bar here would say, in the Union. In learning, in acuteness, and in vigor, he has certainly for many years had no rivals, and he has, what is better than all in these days, a character of absolute purity. He is now displaying, what we confess we did not look for, the mastery of an English style of extraordinary vigor and incisiveness, and a power of condensed thinking on questions of general politics which, at his age and among men of his intellectual training, one does not generally look for. All this, and with it a scornfulness which shrivels up a charlatan or cheat like a flash of lightning, he is bringing into the service of the public, at the cost of repose which he has richly earned.

There has been nothing more remarkable in the municipal canvass than Tweed's speeches, which he delivered nearly every evening up

to the day of the election. He carefully abstained from any attempt to answer the charges against him, treating them, as usual in such cases, as the inventions of "unrelenting, bitter, unscrupulous, prejudiced, ambitious, partisan foes." He said he had faith in their (his constituents') "sense of justice, in their intelligence, devotion to their party and its principles, and, above all, in their gratitude for four years' faithful services." As a general rule, he acknowledged that the press expressed the voice of "the people"; but, in his particular case, he thought the will of "the people" was more faithfully represented by the public meetings which he addressed. He was always vociferously applauded, and, as the result of the election showed, his confidence was not misplaced. "The people" certainly do approve of him, and approve of him on grounds with which the Sentimentalist brethren can hardly take exception, viz., that though (as he himself says) he has made mistakes—as who has not?—he has always been "sound on the main question," which, in the lower wards, consists in the liberal distribution of coal and flour. His "heart," too, "has always been in the right place," or, as one of his champions said, "even if he is a thief, there is more blood in his little finger, and more marrow in his big toe, than the men who are abusing him have in their whole bodies." In short, on the widely-received view of the character and functions of "the people," and of the part played by "the heart" in politics, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that William M. Tweed is a whole-souled, faithful man, who follows after "the truth," not, indeed, with "a legal mind," but with a good "human mind." He may not be in favor with the judges or with the Epicureans of the Fifth Avenue, but the hard-fisted bruisers, and crimps, and pimps, and groggery men of the First Ward love him dearly, and appreciate his sterling worth. They say that the fuss made about his character is very ridiculous, seeing that all the politicians, male and female, in other parts of the country, "accept aid from any quarter," and make no secret of it.

The President has corrected a clerical error in his first proclamation suspending the habeas corpus in certain counties in South Carolina, and, relieving Marion of this suspension, has given five days' warning to the Ku-klux in Union to come in and surrender their arms. The trials of the Ku-klux in North Carolina appear to have furnished very trustworthy evidence against their confederates across the border, and the dispersion of those who justly or unjustly fear arrest continues to be very great, and to embrace the most prominent citizens. The majority of the prisoners, who confess freely, are the degraded whites. One result of this campaign against the outlaws is the complete interruption of business, which has thrown great gloom over the communities where the arrests are made. But, as we remarked last week, trade had already been thoroughly demoralized by the perils to which Northern men found themselves exposed, whether they sought to make business connections, to lend their capital, or collect their just dues.

The bonds of South Carolina, known as New Sixes, have been running gently down since October 1 from 52 to 32, or thereabouts, owing to the widespread belief that the financiers of that State had got a large stock of them ready for the market, which, like our Connollys, they were going to put off as their needs might dictate. What foundation there is for this belief, except the general character of "the governing class" in that unhappy State, we are unable to say. The probabilities are that the proclamation of martial law has helped the decline; but a card, which appeared in the New York papers on Tuesday, from Governor Scott, Treasurer Niles G. Parker, and Mr. John B. Dennis, Chairman of the Committee of State Accounts, will hardly do much to arrest it. The signers acknowledge that \$20,040,000 of the State bonds have been printed, but they say that \$9,000,000 of the amount are still on hand, and "have never been signed or issued." They were not printed, these gentlemen say,

with the intention of increasing the State debt, but are in the possession of the State authorities. There are also \$3,500,000 sterling bonds in the same place, and \$2,500,000 of registered stock. All these bonds were got ready, the writers say, under Acts of the Legislature, "to pay the indebtedness of the State," and "for the conversion of its securities." We are afraid this statement will not restore public confidence. It reminds us of a story recently told us by a lawyer, of his taking his client, who held a considerable sum in the bills of a broken bank, to see the receiver, a notorious politician of this city, who had given notice to all holders to bring them in to him. On being asked what disposition was to be made of the bills after he got them, the receiver pointed jauntily to his own safe, and said they would lie there; whereupon the client, who knew the man, arose and left the room in solemn silence, taking the bills with him.

Governor Bullock, of Georgia, has resigned, in a very entertaining letter, addressed to the whole Georgian people. The reasons he gives are that he found that the lower branch of the Legislature, which he gives us to understand is largely composed of unprincipled men, was going to impeach him, and that the majority in the Senate, also composed of unprincipled men, were going to unseat as many of their fellow-members of the righteous kind as would give them two-thirds in favor of his conviction. In order to prevent all these persons from thus disgracing themselves and sinning their souls, the good man has actually vacated his office and run off into private life, leaving the governorship to the President of the Senate the very day after he heard of the wicked conspiracy against him. We doubt if a more remarkable example of self-sacrifice to prevent others from doing wrong was ever heard of, in politics at all events. The charges against him are not savory, and are not unlike those made against our own Ring, such as frauds in the purchase of the State House and of the Governor's mansion, and in the management of several railroads, and in the issue of State bonds in aid of railroads. As we have several times within the last three years called attention to his corrupt practices in Washington, and his success in imposing on the Radical majority in Congress, we need say nothing more about his general character. He is one of the worst of the gang whom the reconstruction process raised into power at the South, and he will probably endeavor to figure in Washington this winter as a Unionist "martyr." The most entertaining part of his farewell letter is that in which he warns the Union men of the State that they will soon be eaten up by the rebels. The Legislature has, since his flight, passed a resolution denying the truth of his statements, which was hardly necessary.

Brigham Young has not chosen to abide the result of the prosecution which, by his prompt appearance in court, he seemed determined to face. He has, with a few wagons and a small armed escort, departed southward, whether to select a new refuge for his people, or simply to betake himself to a place of safety, does not yet appear. An expedition, it is said, will be sent in pursuit of him. If what we hear of his prosecutors be true, a better man than Brigham would have been justified in getting out of their way; and, indeed, we may say, generally, that if the present crusade against Mormonism be "the Lord's doings," he is making use of instruments that an honest man could not touch with a forty-foot pole. Mr. George Alfred Townsend, who has been writing some very graphic letters from Salt Lake City to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, undertakes to enumerate and describe the members of the anti-Mormon ring, beginning with Judge McKean, of the Federal court, whose behavior on the bench "has been despotic and extra-judicial to the last degree, and who has also been unfortunate enough to compromise his reputation by mining speculations which have come before his court, and received influential consideration there." His prosecuting attorney, R. N. Baskins, is the author of what was called in Congress the "Cullom Bill" to suppress polygamy—a bill which, Mr. Townsend says, "the court enacts, and prosecutes under it, by the very man who wrote it."

The Mormon view of the conduct of the recent trial is well expressed in the clever satire in which Judge McKean is represented to have addressed the jury as follows:

"You have your duties, gentlemen, and I have mine. My duty is to pick you out and pack you in; to fix the trial at such a time as will be least convenient to the defendant; to exclude all evidence that may help him, and to admit all evidence that may hurt him; to rule all points of law against him; to pick out from Acts of Congress and Acts of the Utah Assembly those laws which combined may convict him; to be first a United States Justice's Court, and then a Territorial Justice's Court, and *vice versa*, as the exigencies of the case may demand; to dramatize the case and elocutionize my opinions; to follow my instructions from Rev. Dr. Newman, and avenge his defeat at the Tabernacle; in short, gentlemen, my duty is to secure a conviction."

The charge of patching together parts of Federal and Territorial statutes relates to the use which is made of a Mormon enactment against adultery, which could not by any stretch of interpretation be supposed to have been levelled against polygamous marriages. So the definition of adultery is boldly drawn from another source. Even were this wanting, however, Judge McKean could, and probably would, fall back on the simple "built-better-than-they-knew" doctrine.

The bill emancipating the slaves in Brazil has at last passed the Senate, and become a law. It emancipates, forthwith and absolutely, slaves belonging to the Government, or given to it in usufruct, not over 5,000 in all; slaves belonging to unclaimed heritages, and slaves abandoned by their owners. Apart from these, the act gives liberty to all children born hereafter of slave women; but the owners of the mothers are bound to take care of them up to the age of eight. At that age the owner must elect whether he will retain the minor's services till he reach the age of twenty-one, or receive \$600 compensation from the Government for liberating him. If the mother is liberated before her child reaches the age of eight, she can take it with her; if she is sold before it reaches twelve, the child must also go with her; and the courts can order a minor's absolute liberation on proof of ill-treatment by the master. All minors liberated under the act in any way may be delivered by the Government to associations—voluntary and charitable, we presume—charging themselves with their maintenance and education; and these associations are to form out of the funds coming to them, either by Government grant or by donations, legacies, or otherwise, and out of the results of the labors of the minors, a "peculium" for each slave, to be delivered to him at the age of twenty-one, by way of starting him in life. The associations are also to find him employment when he leaves them. The slave can also contribute to the peculium himself in any way in his power. These are the main features of the measure, and it will be seen that it is in form very far from being a measure of emancipation. The number of slaves whom it liberates at once is a very small proportion of the whole, which is 200,000. Its main value lies in the fact that it deprives the system of the character of permanency, and is, therefore, likely to hasten voluntary emancipation by slave-owners. Its probable influence in this direction is foreshadowed by the immediate liberation of their 1,500 slaves by the Benedictine monks, the richest religious order in the empire.

It is almost of as much importance to the International to seem powerful as to be so, and accordingly its friends and supporters are very ready to claim some of the responsibility of every tumult, revolution, uprising, strike, riot, and conflagration that occurs in any part of the world. They are willing, in short, to accept a bad reputation for the sake of inspiring terror. We have not as yet heard that they claim for it any share in the burning of the Wisconsin woods, but they have darkly hinted that it had something to do with the burning of Chicago, and we should not be surprised to hear that it was at the bottom of the next great earthquake. It certainly claimed a larger part in the troubles of the Commune in Paris than it had any title to, and we suspect that the great strikes which have recently taken place in Europe would have occurred if it had never existed. That it does exist, however, and that it is rapidly extending its organization, there can be no doubt; but it must be remembered that such organizations do not become stronger in the ratio of the increase of their numbers—on the contrary, they become weaker;



they gather in the beginning the *élite* of the class among which they seek their recruits. As the work of propagandism goes on, the accessions decline in quality, and the cohesiveness of the body diminishes. It is not difficult to foresee that the International will go to pieces under the weight and vastness of its own designs. A correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* furnishes an account of a convention of the body, consisting of twenty-five delegates, held in London about six weeks ago, at which it was reported that there were one hundred and eighty thousand enrolled members of the Society in England, furnishing a revenue of about thirty-five hundred dollars a year. The French delegate said that the organization had been swept away in several French towns after the Communist revolution, and it was decided to take special measures for its restoration in these places, and to make Russia the field of energetic missionary effort. Secret societies and conspiracies were vigorously denounced, and political agitation, as it is in England, strongly recommended. The object of this agitation seemed to be the conversion of "capital and land" to the use of the workingman; in what manner was not described.

There seems to be a mischievous notion growing up in the minds of some of the European Governments that the International can, and ought to be, put down by force. An attempt of this kind is probably the only thing that could make it permanently powerful and dangerous. But its existence is a symptom, and a striking one, of the tendency of all political questions everywhere to merge themselves in the labor question, and the main result of the work of the International will probably be the rooting in the working-class mind all over Europe that this is really the only political question of any moment. A statement was made by Mr. Nutall, a well-known leader of the co-operative movement in England, at a recent meeting of the British Social Science Association, revealing a prospect for the laboring classes which makes the schemes of the International and of the "Labor Reformers" very unimportant. He showed that in the manufacturing borough of Oldham, with a total population of seventy thousand, there were co-operative societies numbering seven thousand members. They had a capital of eight hundred thousand dollars in their six co-operative stores, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested in other places. They had built seventy-five workingmen's houses in the last twelve months. They have a corn-mill, large halls, and five libraries, and consultation rooms where they meet weekly for discussion. They have a capital of fifteen hundred thousand dollars, invested in cotton-mills and loans, and in one of these cotton-mills, which represents a capital of half-a-million of dollars, nine-tenths of the shareholders are workingmen. A good question for our "labor reform" conventions to discuss would be, how many years of perorating and gadding about the country it would take to produce such results as these.

France, in spite of the very untimely blustering demonstrations of her Ultramontane faction on one side, and of some as yet unaided *guerre à outrance* Radicals on the other, is certainly not in the condition nor—as far as her present rulers are concerned—is she inclined to disturb the peace of Europe by a sudden warlike attempt, be it in the direction of the Alps or the Rhine. She needs peace more badly than any other state, and Thiers knows it but too well. What the ulterior aims of his foreign policy are, is now indifferent. What he aims at in his domestic policy is still a matter of much surmise and comment; and though he acts consistently, as befits the President of the Republic, suspicions of concealed Orleanism have lately found frequent utterance. The appointment of Casimir Périer as successor to Lambrecht, the suddenly deceased Minister of the Interior, gave particular offence to uncompromising Republicans. And yet, the tenor of the official circular of the new Minister to the prefects of the departments may be considered an additional ground for the belief that M. Thiers earnestly clings to what Gambetta, in his late half-wise manifesto, calls the "insolent" idea of founding the Republic by non-Republicans. M. Périer seems clearly to speak the thoughts of the President when he says of his policy, "That policy will manifest itself more and more, and

will be strengthened not only by the adherents which it will daily attract, but also by the very attacks of those whose culpable designs it thwarts"; or, when referring to the common activity of the writer's father and M. Thiers, on the foundation of the Orleans throne, he says, "Revolutions have, since that time, changed many things, and the men who then entered public life have been able to profit by the lessons of experience, without having anything to repudiate of their past."

The acceptance by Francis Joseph of the resignation of the Hohenwart Cabinet has been followed, in rapid succession, by the more or less complete formation of a new Cisleithan ministry, under the presidency of Baron Kellersperg, former Governor of Bohemia; by a new imperial rescript to the Bohemian Diet, which half reverses the situation created by the preceding one; and, finally, by the resignation of Count Beust, the Chancellor of the Empire—a fact of historical importance, for which we have received, as yet, no explanation. The new rescript emphasizes the supremacy of the fundamental laws of the empire over the special statutes of the provinces; declares that those fundamental laws can only be altered in a constitutional manner—that is, by a two-thirds majority of the central Vienna Reichsrath, to which the Czechs now ruling the Diet of Prague refuse to send representatives; warns that Diet against the threatened attempt to nullify or disregard them on the ground of asserted Bohemian sovereignty rights, and makes its members responsible for the grave political consequences which would result from their persevering in keeping aloof from the Reichsrath, and ignore its resolutions. This new policy, the official organs of the new Cabinet declare, is to be vigorously pursued, no compromise being in contemplation, or likely to be made. This declaration, however, can be correct only in a relative sense, as the Czechs have it in their power to compel a compromise, by appearing in the Reichsrath, and thereby reducing the German party in the assembly to a small minority, which all the influence of the Government, and perhaps the Imperial veto itself, would be required to save from being absolutely overruled by its Slavo-Federalistic opponents. Nor is the composition of the Kellersperg ministry, as now reported likely to be constituted, such as to indicate a determination to break with the Czechs, for the Slavie element is rather conspicuous in it. The solution now obviously rests with the Diet of Prague, and it appears to us that so propitious a moment to make it as favorable to themselves as the circumstances may allow, the Czechs will not easily find hereafter.

As the parliamentary way of Francis Joseph is rugged, just so smooth is the path of the other Kaiser in his dealings with the representatives of his provinces. William meets with ready yielding to his will, even on points on which the Germans are generally the least tractable. His war fund, emptied during the late struggle with France, had been replenished with indemnity money taken from the vanquished, but Bismarck, Roon, and Moltke very easily convinced the "thrifty Hohenzollern," as Carlyle would say, that its enlargement, from the same source, was demanded by the enlarged proportions of his empire and its altered position in Europe; and the Reichstag, enlightened about the facts by the Imperial Chancellor, has hastened to comply with the demand. During the debate on the subject, Prince Bismarck urged upon the Assembly "the necessity, in the present aspect of European affairs, of strengthening the country by empowering the Emperor to act promptly and freely under any adverse or threatening circumstances . . . and of placing Prussia in a position to act either upon the offensive or defensive, . . . though no complications were at present apparent." The truth of the latter statement is proved in some degree by the general applause with which the Emperor's peaceable utterances in his opening address to the Reichstag were received, both in diplomatic and civil spheres all over Europe. Such is, in fact, the situation in Europe, that if William and Bismarck want peace they will have it; and, fortunately, there is every reason to believe they want it.

## THE RISING AGAINST THE RING.

THERE has not been in the history of the country as fervid and vigorous an "uprising" against bad government as that of which this city has been the theatre during the past month. All its features have been in the highest degree encouraging. Party differences have been forgotten in a common determination to put an end, if possible, to fraud and rascality in the management of municipal affairs. "Respectable citizens" have laid aside all business and excuses to attend to their political duties. The decent portion of the press has been heartily on the right side; the best lawyers have gone actively into the work of denouncing, exposing, and prosecuting the knaves. The amount of hard labor which many busy merchants have given to the task of ferreting out the frauds of the Ring has been great, and, we may add, unprecedented. No such attempts to put the affairs of the public in order, on the part of private, non-official volunteers, have, we venture to assert, ever been witnessed anywhere. The pulpit has thundered, too, against the "corruptionists," Sunday after Sunday, with more than usual vehemence. There has been "political preaching" where political preaching was never heard before. Behind all this, too, there has been plenty of popular indignation. We doubt if so many men have ever before, in any city, swelled with a common rage and shame. Usually there is in times of great popular excitement either enough fear, or enough division of sentiment, to furnish a sedative which makes the average passion moderate. Here there has been nothing to fear, and there has been no diversity of opinion. The only sign of division has been among the newspapers, and this has been due, not to any sympathy with criminals, or lack of zeal in the pursuit of them, but to commercial jealousy of those who had got first on the scent.

This has been all the more remarkable because the direct results to be obtained by the election of Tuesday were not of great importance. None of the principal municipal offices were to be filled. Not one member of the Ring was before the public for re-election as a municipal officer. There was a place on the bench of the Supreme Court to be filled, it is true, but not a place which had been occupied by a corrupt man. Judge Sutherland, who retired, though a Democrat, and more bound towards the Ring than a judge ought to be, had no stain on his character. Judge Daly, who was up for re-election in the Common Pleas, was a man of unimpeachable integrity; and in the Superior Court, though the Reform candidates were to take the place of inferior men, neither was to take the place of the great rascal of that tribunal. In short, the changes in the judges, though they were part of the great work of reform, made no direct or immediate contribution to it. The elections bearing most closely on the condition of the city were those of the members of the State Legislature; but in all these cases the result depended not on the voters of the city so much as on those of the State at large. Indeed, it may be said that it was through the vote for the Attorney-General that the popular indignation here most nearly reached the Ring, and the Attorney-General, after all, is only a prosecuting officer, and neither judge nor executioner. We mention these things, not for the purpose of depreciating what has been accomplished, but for the purpose of magnifying the force and depth of the tide of honest wrath which has accomplished it.

Nevertheless, the work of reform has only been begun; and, when we look at the facts which have been necessary to produce this uprising, it will be clear enough that this work will have to be both long and hard. It must not be forgotten that when the Ring went up to Albany and procured the charter under which their enormities have been perpetrated, they were neither unknown nor unsuspected. Every man of them was an object of the deepest distrust to the intelligent portion of the city population. Nobody—literally nobody—believed them to be honest. The leading newspapers denounced them daily. Two of them had grown enormously rich within a few years, and the Comptroller had actually ceased to publish his accounts. Nevertheless, they were able to go to Albany and procure a charter, which not only differed from all charters granted in the United States, but was a more glaring violation of the principles

of popular government than any charter ever granted anywhere. It actually took away from the citizens not only the power of displacing the municipal administration *en bloc*, but deprived them of all control over the amount and disposal of the taxes. This measure was passed through a legislature which was universally believed to be grossly corrupt, but which was well known to Republican politicians to be managed by Tweed, and it was not opposed by the Republican press on either of these grounds. Indeed, the most influential portion of the Republican press supported it out-and-out. Now, apart altogether from the consequences which have since followed, it must be admitted that all this proved in a striking manner the deep demoralization in this State of the class (of all parties) which devotes itself to the management of the political machinery. Nobody who knows anything of the history of the legislation under which the Ring has done its cheating, can doubt that the work of reform, in order to be effective, must go far beyond the removal of the Ring from office, and must last far longer than the punishment of its members.

There are two facts in the history of these city troubles which must not be overlooked, and they are facts of the highest interest to American citizens in all parts of the country. One is that Tweed is by no means the first of his kind who has appeared on the surface of municipal politics. He has risen to higher eminence than his forerunners, but forerunners he has had. In fact, he is as distinctly the result of a process of evolution as any other phenomenon in nature. His audacity in appearing as a candidate for the State Senate with charges of theft from the public treasury resting on him strikes many people as something amazing, but it is not amazing to anybody who goes below the surface. The discovery which put the government of this city into the hands of the criminal classes, and which gives Tweed his audacity and indifference, was made fourteen years ago with the advent to the mayoralty of Fernando Wood, in the face of the fact, which was laid before the citizens in every possible way, that he was guilty of embezzlement and forgery. He was a man of the Tweed kind; emerged from obscurity through the lower grade of ward politics, and first became known to the general public in a prosecution for cheating his partner by altering the figures in accounts, in the way since practised so extensively by the Ring. He did not deny the charge even in court, but made his escape under the statute of limitations, and soon after ran for the mayoralty, and, in spite of the badness of his character, was recommended for re-election in a testimonial signed by a large number of leading merchants, much in the style in which Messrs. Astor, Roberts, Taylor, and others certified the correctness of Connolly's accounts.

Now, in Wood's repeated election, under such circumstances, the *arcantum imperii*, as Tacitus calls it, was revealed to the mob of this city as it was to the Roman soldiery after the death of Galba. Wood's success, in spite of his infamy, first made known the fact that not only was good character not necessary to success in city politics, but that bad character was no hindrance to it. This drew into it at once large numbers of adventurers of the Tweed stamp, who had failed in other callings, and who were sufficiently superior to the common roughs in intelligence and dexterity to be sure of being able to manage them. Wood retired from the arena, however, as soon as he had made a fortune, or, at least, transferred himself to "another sphere of usefulness," but Tweed, with more courage and "loftier aims," as the *Tribune* says of his confederate Sweeny, kept on along the old track, and soon got control of the State Legislature, and began to pocket his millions. But, with his experience, it would be wonderful if he were now timid, or bashful, or minded being called a "thief." From the same combination of circumstances which has produced him issued also Fisk, Gould, and the band known as the "Erie Ring," who really form with Tweed one gigantic corporation. Tweed is one of the directors of the Erie Railroad, charged with the duty of seeing that the other swindlers are not interfered with by the Legislature; while they, on their side, see that their dependants and employees vote



for the Ring; and the most striking characteristic of the whole gang is that indifference to public opinion or shamelessness which is exciting so much astonishment when displayed by Tweed. Fisk's riding round the city in a coach-and-four, purchased with stolen money, in company with a batch of harlots, is but one manifestation of the same quality which in Tweed's case found expression in running for the Senate while under arrest for fraud. The obvious inference from all this is that it will take some years of steady repudiation of men of bad character in politics, and of the display, on the part of the majority, of a regard for the character of candidates, to destroy in the Tweed and Fisk class that audacity and hopefulness which forms the principal element in their success.

The second point to be borne in mind is the fact that the city money has been largely used to debauch both the politicians and voters of the country districts. There is no doubt that a large proportion of the twenty millions which we know to have been stolen have been used in the corruption of electors, and the payment of managers of both parties, all over the State. We are only saying what all "the men inside politics" know well, that there has for the last few years been hardly a town or county caucus, between this city and the Lakes, in which Tweed's hand has not been felt. He has his agents everywhere—some stationary, some itinerant—and they are as numerous in the Republican as in the Democratic ranks. To some he pays salaries, to others he makes donations, and others he holds by "taking care" of a son or brother, or other relative or friend, in the city. In this way he has influenced largely the return of members of the Legislature. Under his manipulations, a considerable number go to Albany ready to be seduced. The virtue of the others does not stand very long after he has arrived with his money-bags, and their return to their constituents enriched no longer excites shame on the one side or indignation on the other. We believe it was the experience of the Reform Democrats at the late Convention at Rochester that the country delegates were little if any superior in tone to the band of jail-birds which Tammany sent up from the City. As regards the Republicans, we shall only say that Tweed has a book in which he has entered the sums paid last winter to the various Republican legislators for their votes, and that it is expected and believed that, if he finds that the game is really up as far as he is concerned, he will publish it. Let us hope and pray that he will. It will be the most striking "literary event" of the season. One entry in it at least has already been revealed by him with his usual cynicism, and has been used against a prominent politician in the western part of the State during the late canvass.

The moral of all this is, that the corruption in which Tweed is the most prominent agent has eaten too deeply into our society, and is too widespread, to permit us to hope that one election or one legislature can cure it. It will take at least ten years of the proscription, and punishment, and incessant pursuit of rascals, and the appearance of a fresh generation on the scene, to effect a radical cure of the disease; and we sincerely trust that those who have just taken up arms in the struggle, and especially the young men, have "enlisted for the war," and not for this one conflict. The next step is plain enough. The Legislature must devise a charter which will stop the supplies of money from this City for corrupt purposes; this is essential at the very outset. The tonics and alteratives come afterwards, and what they should be will need the gravest consideration of the wisest and shrewdest men in the State. This time, however, we trust, the *a priori* Blatherskites will absent themselves. We have had enough of them and their works.

#### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

It has been plain enough during the last ten years that there was not the least chance of an international copyright treaty with Great Britain as long as the disputes arising out of the war were unsettled. The public on this side of the water was, until the Treaty of Washington was concluded, in no mood to take up any difference with England which did not in some way bear on the *Alabama*

question, and was, in fact, rather disposed to consider anything claimed by Englishmen as *prima facie* disadvantageous to the United States. We, therefore, we confess, in spite of our hearty concurrence in most of their views, took but moderate interest in the efforts made a few years ago by an association of authors and publishers in this city to press the subject on the attention of Congress. We felt satisfied that Congress would do nothing about it, and that the people would not be much troubled by its inaction. The movement having called Mr. Henry C. Carey from his retirement, however, with a reprint of an old pamphlet, in which he took the ground that no author had any real property in books at all, inasmuch as he only rearranged facts which were the common property of society, we took occasion to say (Feb. 20, 1868) how fallacious in point of logic, false in point of fact, and delusive and mischievous in point of jurisprudence, and obnoxious in point of morality, this view seemed to us to be. The dislike of legislators to concede the absoluteness of literary property, and to deal out only a qualified and limited protection for it, is undoubtedly the result, in part, of the traditional inability of barbarous and illiterate ages to conceive of the existence of property in an intangible commodity, in no way attached to the person of the producer, and passing from his possession in the very act of exposure for sale. Consequently, the author has been steadily refused all title to the gains resulting from the sale of his works, except as much as seemed necessary to induce him to produce at all. But the only way for authors to put an end to this discreditable notion is to insist strenuously that their property in their works differs from other property, not in its own nature, but in the nature of the machinery required for its protection. A man can have his house and furniture and money protected by the police, or, if worst comes to worst, he can arm himself and his friends for that purpose; but his property in his books, being the product of high civilization and extended intelligence, needs for its protection special, delicate, and costly apparatus, which a civilized community is bound to supply, and just as freely to the foreigner as to the native.

The question is now once more coming before the public, and we believe in a shape which promises before long to lead to its practical solution. The public mind, both in England and America, was never before so ready for a candid discussion of it; and for various reasons. The foremost is, of course, the revival between the two countries of good feeling based on mutual respect. Of such good feeling as prevailed before the war this could hardly be said. Next to this must be placed the fact that American authors have begun to lose at nearly the same rate as English authors by the absence of international copyright. We do not believe this has seriously influenced the former in forming their opinions about the matter; but the fact that Americans apparently gained by the present state of things, while the English lost, did undoubtedly, at one time in this country, as it would have done in any country, render the general public less sensitive to the claims of abstract justice than it would otherwise have been. Indeed, so late as 1867, the head of an American publishing house of repute gave, in a pamphlet, as one reason for refusing an English author property in his books republished in America, the fact that the American book-market, being larger than the English, the Americans gained more at present by stealing than the English did, and would do well, therefore, to retain the power of stealing. This was an odd basis for the relations of two great civilized nations touching the interchange of ideas, and would, in reality, furnish a strong savage tribe with a powerful argument for refusing to adopt, with regard to a smaller and less warlike neighboring tribe, the doctrine of international law which recognizes the absolute independence of separate states.

The authors on both sides have long been disgusted by the existing state of things, and by them the discussion of it has been periodically renewed; but from the publishers, who are nearly as much concerned in the matter, less has been heard; and the impression has prevailed widely on both sides of the water that they were too much absorbed in the game of mutual pillage to care much about it. The controversy has just been renewed with great vigor

in the English press, opening as usual with a grand attack on the American publishers from divers discontented authors, supported by the *Times*, in which these letters appeared, with a question-begging heading, designating the American publishers as "pirates." At this point, Mr. Appleton, head of the firm of that name in this city, appeared in the field with what we cannot help calling the most important contribution yet made to this discussion, because it is the first clear statement of the exact position of the American publishers which has yet been made, and it will, we cannot help believing, do much to bring about a settlement. He shows that, in the practice of his own house, every English author who has sought and received their services as publishers, has received from them by way of compensation exactly what he would have received had he been born in New York. English authors who have not taken any pains to bring to their notice their title to their property have been treated, too, precisely as an American would be treated who neglected to register his book—that is, to adopt the legal formalities necessary to secure him legal protection in the enjoyment of what may be called an intangible possession. The fact is, though Mr. Appleton does not touch upon it in express terms, that at present an English author has nothing to sell to an American publisher, or an American author to an English publisher. By conceding to him the right to publish his works, he bestows on him nothing of the least commercial value. What he gives him is pure compliment, expressive of personal preference simply. He does not give him any protection against competition by other editions; and this is the only thing that a publisher can on business principles be expected to pay for. Now, in practice, we believe there is no doubt that American publishers have displayed far more honesty, or, to speak more correctly, far more magnanimity, in dealing with foreign authors than their English brethren. The less there is now said in England about piracy, the better. There was a time when the reproach levelled against America on this score was well grounded; but at that time there was nothing here worth pirating. As soon as American literary wares became marketable in England, we regret to say the national horror of living off other men's labor ceased in this particular field to display itself; that is, English publishers did not pirate as long as there was nothing worth pirating; but the minute rich prizes began to put out from American ports, they hoisted the black flag without hesitation.

The state of the case at this moment appears to be this: The American publishers are quite willing to concede copyrights to British authors, but they are not willing to concede free trade to English publishers. That is, they propose that a British author shall be at liberty to come into the American market with his manuscript on precisely the same footing as the American author, but they insist that for the supply of that market he shall make his contract with an American publisher, and that the English publisher shall be shut out from it. The reason Mr. Appleton gives for this is that the English publisher prepares his wares in a dear form, or, as he expresses it, "The American people believe earnestly in their policy of cheap books, and will not expose it to the peril threatened by an English publisher's copyright. They know their obligations to English thinkers, and they will be glad to do them justice when the way is shown; but they hold themselves perfectly competent to manufacture the books that shall embody the English authors' thoughts, in accordance with their own needs, habits, and tastes, and in this they will not be interfered with." In support of this view, he mentions the fact that the Canadians, though British subjects, prefer the American cheap reprints of English books to the "honest [English] editions," and they are allowed to gratify this preference by the Government, which, indeed, imposes an import duty of ten per cent. on these reprints for the benefit of the author; but he adds that money from this source would by English authors or publishers be considered "a curiosity."

Now, this being true, and we have no doubt it is true, the question becomes a plain one enough. If the American people, who for the purposes of this discussion may be called the American pub-

lishers, are really willing to give English authors all the rights as against themselves now possessed by American authors, as Mr. Appleton says they are, and if they have given strong proof of their sincerity in so saying by hitherto paying English authors money which legally they did not owe them, the charge of "piracy" might as well henceforth disappear from the controversy. Moreover, the controversy, in some important respects, changes its character. It is no longer a controversy between English authors and American publishers, but between English publishers and American publishers, and the point in dispute is not ethical, but economical; that is, it does not relate to property in ideas, but to free trade in books. Whether English publishers shall be allowed to sell their books in this market, with which American publishers are forbidden to compete, even on paying the author for his contribution to the manufacture, is a question to be settled in the main by the same considerations as the question of "protecting" all other products of American industry. But there is, it is to be observed, an important and obvious distinction between the case of the English manufacturer bringing in his cutlery, or his woollens, for free sale in the American markets, and that of an English publisher bringing in his books. In the former case, he is exposed to successful competition. An American manufacturer may make cheaper or better knives and cloth, and drive him out of the market, but he cannot make better or cheaper "Pickwick Papers" or Grote's "Histories of Greece." Anybody who has the right of reproducing these enjoys a veritable and impregnable monopoly. To assimilate free-trade in books to free-trade in other articles, the author should be allowed to make his contract where he pleased and the reader to buy of whom he pleased, and this is the only arrangement with which a free-trader can be satisfied. Mr. Appleton's plan, on the other hand, is the one which will naturally commend itself to protectionists, and it is the one which, as long as the present revenue system of the United States is maintained, American publishers have a right to insist on.

As regards the objection to allowing English publishers to come into this market because they produce their books in a dear form, we doubt its soundness. We presume dealers of all countries adapt their wares to their customers. English books are dear because English readers are a small and comparatively well-to-do class; American books are cheap, because American readers are a very large and comparatively poor class. But, on this point, the market in both countries is rapidly assimilating. The cheap newspaper press and the spread of education are rapidly creating and multiplying readers in England as they have done here, and, before very long, English publishers will have just the same interest in the production of low-priced editions as our publishers have. If they had the American market thrown open to them, it is safe to argue that they would adapt themselves to its needs. The argument drawn from Canadian practice is hardly as forcible as it seems. The Canadian market is too small to affect the conditions of English bookselling, even if it were possible to keep the American reprints from crossing the border, which it certainly is not.

#### CHICAGO IN DISTRESS.

CHICAGO, November 2, 1871.

I HAVE had an opportunity of looking at Chicago at the beginning of the fourth week after the fire, and, as you requested, will give you a few notes of my observation.

Chicago had a central quarter, compactly built, mostly of brick, stone, and iron, and distinguished by numerous very large and tall structures, comparable to, but often more ostentatious than, Stewart's store in New York. They were mostly lined, to the fourth, fifth, or sixth floor, with pine-wood shelves, on which, or in pine-wood cases, a fresh stock of—larger at the moment than ever before—dry goods, or other inflammable materials, was set up, with plentiful air-space for rapid combustion. This central quarter occupied a mile and a half square of land. On one side of it was the lake; on the other three sides, for the distance of a mile, the building, though irregular, was largely of detached houses, some of the villa class, with small planted grounds about them, and luxuriously furnished, but



generally comfortable dwellings, of moderate size, set closely together. There were also numerous churches and tall school buildings, and some large factories. At a distance of two miles from the centre, and beyond, houses were much scattered, and within a mile of the political boundary there was much open prairie, sparsely dotted with cabins and a few larger buildings. It will be seen that a much larger part of the town proper was burned than a stranger would be led to suppose by the published maps.

The fire started half a mile southwest, which was directly to windward, of the central quarter, rapidly carried its heights, and swept down from them upon the comparatively suburban northern quarter, clearing it to the outskirts, where the few scattered houses remaining were protected by a dense grove of trees. The field of ruin is a mile in width, bounded by the lake on one side and mainly by a branch of the river on the other, and four miles in length, thus being as large as the half of New York City from the Battery to the Central Park, or as the whole of the peninsula of Boston. The houses burned set ten feet apart would form a row over a hundred miles in length. I judge that more than a third of the roof-space and fully half the floor-space of the city, the population of which was 330,000, was destroyed.

Familiar with these facts and comparisons before I came here, and having already seen many who had left the city since the fire, I now feel myself to have been able but slightly to appreciate the magnitude of its calamity. Besides the extent of the ruins, what is most remarkable is the completeness with which the fire did its work, as shown by the prostration of the ruins and the extraordinary absence of smoke-stains, brands, and all *débris*, except stone, brick, and iron, bleached to an ashy pallor. The distinguishing smell of the ruins is that of charred earth. In not more than a dozen cases have the four walls of any of the great blocks, or of any buildings, been left standing together. It is the exception to find even a single corner or chimney holding together to a height of more than twenty feet. It has been possible, from the top of an omnibus, to see men standing on the ground three miles away across what was the densest, loftiest, and most substantial part of the city.

Generally, the walls seem to have crumbled in from top to bottom, nothing remaining but a broad low heap of rubbish in the cellar—so low as to be overlooked from the pavement. Granite, all sandstones and all limestones, whenever fully exposed to the southwest, are generally flaked and scaled, and blocks, sometimes two and three feet thick, are cracked through and through. Marble and other limestones, where especially exposed, as in doors and window-dressings, especially if in thin slabs, have often fallen to powder. Walls of the bituminous limestone, of which there were but few, instead of melting away, as was reported, seem to have stood rather better than others; I cannot tell why. Iron railings and lamp-posts, detached from buildings, are often drooping, and, in thinner parts, seem sometimes to have been fused. Iron columns and floor-beams are often bent to a half-circle. The wooden (Nicholson) asphalt-and-tar-concrete pavements remain essentially unharmed, except where red-hot material or burning liquids have lain upon them. Street rails on wood are generally in good order; on McAdam, as far as I have seen, more often badly warped.

Where houses stood detached, and especially where they were surrounded by tall trees, there is less evidence of intense heat, charred wood and smoke-stains being seen in the ruins. I had heard it surmised that, by furnishing numerous small brands, the planted trees of the North Division would have helped to scatter the fire, but I find them generally standing to the smallest twigs, so inclined and stiffened, however, as to show perfectly the action upon them of the wind at the moment of death. It is evident that they would have been an efficient protection to the houses they surrounded had the buildings to windward been a little less tall, or the gale a degree less furious. For the wind appears not only to have been strong, but gusty and whirling. There is evidence of concentrated slants, eddies, and back-sets. This partly explains the small salvage. Many, a moment after they had been out to observe the flames in the distance, and had judged that they had still a chance to save their houses, were suddenly driven by a fierce heat, borne down upon them apparently from above, to flee, leaving even their choicest property, though previously packed and ready to be carried by hand. The radiated heat from the larger buildings was so strong that it scorched men ten rods away across the wind. Families were driven from one place of refuge to another—in several cases, to my knowledge, four times, and, finally, a few into the lake; many thousands into the open country. Some were floated or swam across the river.

Burning fragments of wooden parapets, sheets of roofing metal, signs, and scuttle-doors were carried great distances, and, with blazing felt, tarred paper, and canvas, and myriads of smaller sparks, sometimes swept down upon the fugitives with a terrific roar. Very sensible men have declared that they were fully impressed at such a time with the conviction that it was the burning of

the world. Loose horses and cows, as well as people of all conditions on foot and in wagons, were hurrying half-blinded through the streets together, and it often happened that husbands and wives, parents and children, even mothers and infants, were forced apart and lost to each other. Sudden desolation thus added to the previous horrors, made some frantic who would otherwise have maintained composure. In general, however, the people, especially the households of the north side, appear to have manifested a greater degree of self-possession and of considerate thoughtfulness one for another, under these circumstances, than can be easily believed. Almost every one holds the remembrance of some instance of quiet heroism, often flavored with humor. The remains of only about one hundred human bodies have thus far been recognized in the ruins, and the coroner and others are of the opinion that not more than two hundred lives were lost. That the number should be so small can only be accounted for by the fact that there was an active volunteer rear-guard of cool-headed Christians, who often entered and searched houses to which they were strangers, dragging out their inmates sometimes by main force, and often when some, caught unawares, were bewildered, fainting, or suffocating. One still sees burned garments and singed beards.

Of course, a state of mind approaching insanity followed with many. After the lost had been found, as in most cases they soon were—children especially having been almost invariably taken up, tenderly cared for, and advertised by strangers—and after food and rest had been had, there was a reaction from desperation. For a time men were unreasonably cheerful and hopeful; now, this stage appears to have passed. In its place there is sternness; but so narrow is the division between this and another mood, that in the midst of a sentence a change of quality in the voice occurs, and you see that eyes have moistened. I had partly expected to find a feverish, reckless spirit, and among the less disciplined classes an unusual current setting towards turbulence, lawlessness, and artificial jollity, such as held in San Francisco for a long time after the great fire there—such as often seizes seamen after a wreck. On the contrary, Chicago is the soberest and the most clear-headed city I ever saw. I have observed but two men the worse for liquor; I have not once been asked for an alms, nor have I heard a hand-organ. The clearing of the wreck goes ahead in a driving but steady, well-ordered way. I have seen two hundred brick walls rising, ten thousand temporary houses of boards, and fifty thousand piles of material's lifting from the ruins; but, on Sunday, although there were other reports, in a walk of several miles among the ashes, I saw no hand-work going on, except that in two half-made cabins German women were holding boards while their husbands nailed them to the framing. It is obvious that the New England man is taking the helm.

There are respectable citizens who hold to the opinion that the fire was started and spread systematically by incendiaries, and I have seen one, lately from Paris, who is sure that it was part of a general war upon property. Numerous alleged facts are cited to sustain this view, but I believe them generally to be delusions growing out of the common excitement, or accidental coincidences. It is certain that the origin, progress, and all the unusual general phenomena of the fire can be reasonably accounted for in other ways.

You will have heard bad symptoms reported among the workmen since the fire, but, on the whole, their conduct seems to have been as satisfactory as could have been reasonably expected. An unusual proportion of them are Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians, and, what is of great consequence, they were the owners of a lot and cottage. There has been an advance of about twenty per cent. in wages, and this has occurred without strikes or any general ill-feeling. Laborers now command \$2 a day, carpenters and masons \$4 to \$5. Good mechanics are wanted, and many hundred more than are now here will be required in the spring.

The responsibility of leading affairs is felt to be too great to be trifled with. Even in politics this is true; perhaps, on the principle of locking the stable-door after the horse is stolen. City officers are to be elected next week, and citizens who have heretofore been unable to spare time for public from their private business, are exhibiting some concern about the character of the candidates. The old knots of dirty, overdressed men waiting for something to turn up seem to have had enough, and have disappeared. I have seen no soldiers, nor the slightest occasion for them. The police, as usual, except those regulating the passage of the crossings, seem to have nothing on their minds but a lazy looking forward to the arrival of their reliefs.

Although few of those who were men of substance yet know where they stand, and the work of general permanent reconstruction must, from loss of land titles and other reasons, be postponed till next summer, there has been no delay in deciding upon and starting efficient temporary arrangements for nearly all the old business of the city, except that of the courts. The shipping, railways, telegraphs, are all doing more work than before the fire, and will probably continue to. The city is again supplied with water, most of it with gas; it is as well sewered and paved as before. Omnibuses and street-cars

are running on all the old lines; newspapers are published, schools are open and full, and half the numerous churches of the past are working more than double tides—the sensible, economical Roman Catholic custom of successive congregations and relays of clergymen having been adopted; while every day in the week the most effective preaching of the Gospel, in the form of bread, beef, and blankets, is uttered from each. Theatres, concerts, and lectures are advertised, and a new public library is started in the basement of a Baptist meeting-house. Three hundred of the burnt-out business concerns advertise themselves in new quarters, and new stocks of goods are constantly seen coming from the Eastern railway stations. In but few respects will the market a week hence be much worse, either to buy or sell in, than before. There is no difficulty in handling the crops, and, fortunately, they are large and excellent. Chicago, in short, is under jury-masts, and yet carries her ensign union down, but she answers her helm, lays her course, is making fair headway, and her crew, though on short allowance and sore tried, is thoroughly sober and knows its stations.

You ask whether it is in the power of man adequately to guard against such calamities—whether other great cities are as much exposed as was Chicago? All the circumstances are not established with sufficient accuracy for a final answer, and one cannot, in the present condition of affairs, make full enquiries of men who must be best informed; but to such preliminary discussion as is in order, I can offer a certain contribution.

The prevailing drought was, I think, a less important element of the fire in Chicago—whatever may have been the case as to those other almost more terrific fires which occurred simultaneously in Wisconsin and Michigan—than is generally assumed; yet doubtless it was of some consequence. As to the degree of it, I learn that there had been no heavy rain since the 3d of July, and, during this period of three months, it is stated by Dr. Rauch, the Sanitary Superintendent, the total rain-fall had been but two and a half inches. The mean annual rain-fall at Chicago is thirty-one inches. With regard to the cause of the drought, it is to be considered that millions of acres of land hereabouts, on which trees were scarce, have been settled within thirty years by people whose habits had been formed in regions where woods abound. They have used much timber for building, for fencing, railroads, and fuel. They have grown none. They are planting none to speak of. The same is true of nearly all parts of our country in which a great destruction of forests has occurred or is occurring. If the reduction of foliage in any considerable geographical division of the world tends to make its seasons capricious, as there is much evidence, the evil both of destructive droughts and devastating floods is very likely to extend and increase until we have a government service which we dare trust with extensive remedial measures. It is not a matter which commerce can be expected to regulate.

I can obtain no scientifically definite statement of the force of the wind. Several whom I have questioned recollect that they found it difficult, sometimes for a moment impossible, to make head against it; but I think that no year passes that some of our cities do not experience as strong a gale, and that every city in the country must expect to find equal dryness coinciding with equal force of wind as often, at least, as once in twenty years.

The origin of the fire was probably a commonplace accident. The fire started in a wooden building, and moved rapidly from one to another, close at hand, until the extended surface of quickly-burning material heated a very large volume of the atmosphere, giving rise to local currents, which, driving brands upon the heated roofs and cornices of the tall buildings to leeward, set them on fire, and through the rapid combustion of their contents, loosely piled tier upon tier, developed a degree of heat so intense that ordinary means of resistance to it proved of no avail. Under an old law, wooden buildings had been forbidden to be erected in or moved to the locality where the fire started. In 1867, upon the motion of men who wished to dispose of buildings they had contracted to move out of the more compact part of the city, the Common Council consented to a modification of this law. The Board of Health at the time urged the danger of doing so, and was told to mind its business. Underwriters, merchants, and capitalists were silent.

Chicago had a weakness for "big things," and liked to think that it was outbuilding New York. It did a great deal of commercial advertising in its house-tops. The faults of construction as well as of art in its great showy buildings must have been numerous. Their walls were thin, and were often overweighted with gross and coarse misornamentation. Some ostensibly stone fronts had huge overhanging wooden or sheet-metal cornices fastened directly to their roof timbers, with wooden parapets above them. Flat roofs covered with tarred felt and pebbles were common. In most cases, I am told by observers, the fire entered the great buildings by their roof timbers, even common sheet-metal seeming to offer but slight and very temporary protection to the wood on which it rested. Plain brick walls or walls

of brick with solid stone quoins and window-dressings evidently resisted the fire much better than stone-faced walls with a thin backing of brick.

There has been no court-martial called for the trial of the fire service of the city. I understand that it was under the same board with the police. Most of the so-called police force of Chicago whom I had seen before the fire appeared in dirty, half-buttoned uniforms, and were either leaning against a door-post in conversation with equally disreputable-looking friends, and incessantly spitting on the sidewalk, or were moving with a gait and carriage which can be described by no word but loafing.

No one can be sure that with reasonably solid brick walls, reasonably good construction, and honest architecture, this fire could, once under strong headway, with the wind that was blowing, have been stopped at any point in its career, even by good generalship, directing a thoroughly well-drilled and disciplined soldierly force of firemen and police. But that the heat thrown forward would have been less intense, the advance of the fire less rapid, the destruction of buildings less complete, the salvage of their contents greater, and the loss of life smaller, may be assumed with confidence.

The walls least dilapidated are those of the Post-Office. They are of brick faced with stone, and two to three feet thick. It is stated that the fire entered by the upper windward windows, which, strangely, were not protected by iron shutters. The interior is thoroughly burned out. The windward side of the exterior is scaled and seared with heat, but the leeward side is scarcely injured at all; the glass even remains in the windows, and the side-walks, rails, and lamp-posts are essentially unimpaired. It appears to me that this one building stood for a time a perfect dam to the fiery torrent. It was far from fireproof; but had there been a dozen other as well-built walls standing in line across the wind, and had there been no excessively weak roofs and cornices to leeward of them, I should suppose that half of all that was lost might have been saved.

The two most important buildings in the city were the Court-House, which was also the City Hall, and the pumping-house of the Water-Works. The Court-House was a costly structure with a stone exterior, ostensibly fire-proof, standing in the midst of a public square. No respectable structure in the same situation would have been seriously injured. Large additions had been made to it two years ago, and the design for them is said to have been bargained for under such conditions that no respectable architect could have been employed. The result, architecturally, was at all events very bad. There is much more beauty in the walls now, where they have been chipped and crumbled by the fire, than ever before. It has also been publicly charged that some of the legislators of the city were interested in the building contracts, and that much money was made on them. The first fall of snow after the roof was put on caused it to fall in, and other parts of the structure were so thoroughly shattered that it was feared that the whole would come down. A proposition to tear it down and rebuild it was seriously entertained, but, as one of the gentlemen who decided the question told me, in view of what it had already cost, the taxpayers would not have stood it, and it was determined to patch it up. On the top of it, a tall wooden, tin-clad cupola was set. The fire, true to its mission of instructive punishment, made a long leap forward to seize upon this; it soon fell in; and, before the nearest adjoining commercial blocks to windward had even taken fire, it had been completely burnt out with all its invaluable contents.

I have neither seen the Water-Works nor the justly distinguished engineer who is regarded as responsible for their construction, and who may be depended on to give the reason of their unfortunate break-down with the utmost accuracy and candor. The roof of the pumping-house, of metal, I believe, is publicly stated to have been upheld by wooden timbering, which was charred by heat from firebrands which had fallen above. Breaking down, it broke some part of the pumping-engine, and thus the city was left without water. The main battle, such as it was, had been before this fought and lost, but that much might still have been saved had the flow of water continued, a single experience will sufficiently indicate.

A friend who had, with other treasures, a choice library of several thousand volumes, tells me that he had thought much of the danger of fire, and was prepared to meet it. His house stood apart from all others, and was surrounded by trees. He had a strong force of instructed assistants, with private hydrants, hose, wet carpets, and buckets, well distributed. He had horses and wagons ready, but to the last was confident in his means of resistance. All houses to windward of him had nearly burned down, and he had extinguished every spark that had fallen upon his own, when the water failed. Five minutes afterwards his roofs and walls were on fire in a dozen places, and he had all he could do to save the lives of his household.

Considering the circumstances under which the arrangements for relief were formed, they appear to be admirably good. In the midst of the most pressing demands of their private affairs, men of great good sense and well



informed have taken time to devise and bring others into a comprehensive and sufficient organization, acting under well-guarded laws. Chicago, when all did well, exceeded all in her manner of providing for the sick and wounded, prisoners and refugees as well as friends; and now the bread she then floated is truly returning to her under natural laws; for men and women more fit to be trusted in every way than those to whom the control of the contributions for relief have at length, after, it is said, a hard struggle with political speculators, been given, could hardly be found in any other city. The most scrupulous caution is taken to guard against waste or imposition, and to avoid encouraging improvidence, indolence, or a disposition to mendicant habits. Among hundreds of women drawing rations, I saw few who did not appear to have been decent, tidy, motherly persons—nearly all were European born.

The most costly and best form of charity has been that of supplying, either as a loan or as a gift, a limited amount of building materials with printed plans for a rough cabin of two rooms to be made of it, together with a stove, mattresses, and blankets, to men having families, and able by their work to support them. This has already been done in 6,000 cases. Great eagerness is shown to obtain this favor, especially by those laboring men who were burned out from houses of their own, and who can thus at once reoccupy their own land. The thankfulness expressed by these men—thankfulness, as the Mayor says, "to all the world"—is sometimes very touching. The cost of the cabins, lined with heavy paper and supplied with a chimney, is, according to size, from \$90 to \$120. Besides the shelter thus provided, the public squares are filled with temporary barracks, and the whole number of those who have been housed by means of contributions received is, I believe, about 35,000. Wherever it is possible, persons not of families able to at least partly support themselves by labor, are helped to leave the city. The number of those to whom aid is thought needful to be administered has been rapidly reduced, every care being taken to obtain work for them and to avoid feeding those who avoid work. It is now a little over 60,000. With the coming on of winter, work will fail, and the number needing assistance increase. The funds thus far promised are not enough to meet the requirements of the barest humanity, and, especially if the winter should be severe, larger contributions than there is now reason to expect will be sorely needed.

Arrangements are made for searching out and privately and delicately administering to such sufferers as will not ask or be publicly known to receive charity. It is easy to see that the number of such must be very large. It was a maxim in Chicago that a fool could hardly invest in city real estate so badly that, if he could manage to hold it for five years, its advance would fail to give him more than ten per cent. interest, while there was a chance for a small fortune. Acting on this view, most young professional men and men on small salaries, if they had families, bought a lot and built a small house for themselves, confident that by hook or by crook they should save enough to pay the interest as it fell due on the necessary mortgage, together with the cost of insurance. To accomplish this they lived pinchingly, and their houses and lots were their only reserves. In thousands of cases, they have lost their houses, their insurance, and their situations all at one blow. Fifty of the insurance companies doing business here have suspended payment, seven of them being Chicago companies, whose directors were men of local influence and often employers.

The Sanitary Department has a list, known to be as yet incomplete, of 150 regular physicians who were burned out. Many, if not most of these lost house and furniture, as well as office, instruments, and books, and the families in which they practised are dispersed. Judge Wilson reckons the number of lawyers, mostly young men, whose libraries were burned at five hundred. Many of both classes, for some days after the fire, took their places in the lines in order to get the rations of biscuits served out by the relief agents.

But even the condition of young men with families who have lost everything is hardly as sad as that of many of the older citizens, much overworked men who had fairly earned leisure and affluence. Owing to peculiar commercial conditions here, the number of such who have lost everything is larger than it would be in an older city. Cautious men averse to the general habits of speculation were most disposed to invest in buildings, and patriotic men, who had grown up with the city, and who had the most interest and pride in it, were most apt to insure in the local companies.

Amidst all the material prosperity of Chicago, there had always been a few of her citizens who had really bonded themselves to have no share in it, in devotion to higher pursuits. As examples of these, the Kinnicut brothers, as both are dead, may perhaps be named. There were others, their instructors, leaders, supporters, and followers, who, like them, had travelled frugally and far, studied devotedly, and who, aided by a few worthy men of greater wealth, were laying the foundations of a true seat and school of art,

science, and learning. Several special collections had already been gathered which money can never replace. These, with libraries, many series of notes, the work of half a lifetime, and some unpublished books, more or less nearly complete, are lost; and most of those who had supplied the funds to sustain these most interesting and important bases of the higher civilization for the great Northwest, are thrown back to struggle again for the decent maintenance of their families.

But great as is this loss, it will be consciously felt by comparatively few. Even more appalling, in view of the long years of weary labor of many educated men involved, is the destruction of important papers, contracts, agreements, and accounts, notes of surveys, and records of deeds and mortgages. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the papers held by attorneys were kept in various patent safes on upper floors, and were destroyed. The same is true of those held by surveyors, real-estate agents, etc. The city and county records were, I believe, in vaults built, like those of the Custom-House and Post-Office, on stone slabs, supported on iron columns, which, soon yielding to the heat, tumbled them into a pit of fire, and all were lost. How the city is to recover from this blow no one can yet see, but the difficulty is engaging the study of its best and most conservative minds; and that in some way it will recover, and that it will presently advance even with greater rapidity, but with far firmer steps, than ever before, those most staggered and cast down by it have not a shadow of doubt.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED.

### POLITICAL APATHY IN FRANCE.

PARIS, October 13.

THE elections for the Councils General have taken place in the most perfect order all over France. But this may be said of all elections: there never occurs a riot on election day. To be sure, sometimes the day afterwards there comes a revolution. There is in the character of the people the strangest admixture of lawlessness and of respect of forms and regulations. I have it from one of the deputies who were arrested on the 2d of December, that he found himself in a crowd, surrounded by people who not only did not offer him any help against the policemen who were taking him to prison, but were laughing and joking at his expense. "Gentlemen," said one of the policemen to these lookers-on, "respect your representatives." The policeman was willing to insult the constitution, but he would not have his prisoner insulted.

The second and certain characteristic of all elections now in France is the apathy and general abstention of the middle classes and the wealthy Conservatives. In many cantons, not more than a third of the electors went to the ballot-box. The Radicals, on the contrary, being a combative party, and better disciplined, muster all their forces, and seem to understand their duties better. The indifference of the Conservatives, of the *bourgeois* of the towns as well as of the peasants of the country, is very much to be blamed, but, in the present instance, there can be found some excuse for it. The peasants and *bourgeois* are completely bewildered by the results of universal suffrage. In the latter part of the Empire, they were asked to vote a plébiscite, and they were told that this plébiscite would assure for ever peace and order. A few months afterwards, war broke out, and its fatal results were not more of a surprise to the country than its rash opening. When Paris was forced to capitulate, when part of France was given up to the Germans and the rest to the wild administration of Gambetta, France was again called upon to hold a general election. There was an instinctive effort made throughout the country towards peace and constitutional monarchy: the Chamber signed the peace, but did not build up a constitutional monarchy. It is idle to recall all the reasons, personal and general, which brought on the defeat of the monarchical party in the Chamber and the revival of the Republic, which had been as completely condemned as the Empire by the rule of success. But it is clear that, politically speaking, France is no more advanced than she was a few months ago; that she does not know her own future; that she has no definite institutions. What is the use of voting? is the expression of disappointment of most electors. The machinery of the election is not so arranged that there is a definite relation between the will of the electors and the action of the elected. As soon as the deputies met at Bordeaux, they renounced the right which had just been confided to them by their constituents to establish a settled government and to frame institutions for the country. The passiveness of the deputies is now reflected in the mind of the country; and this passiveness is the third characteristic of the late elections.

With the exception of the Radicals of the great towns, of some Legitimists and Bonapartists, almost all the councillors now elected are what I may call *passive* politicians. They have generally assumed in this last election the denomination of Conservative-liberals; but these words must not be understood in the common English sense. Our Liberal-conservatives belong to

every shade of opinion. You will find among the fifteen hundred councillors who have been elected under this name, men who would restrict the liberty of the press, if they could, maintain the temporal power of the Pope, and enact all sorts of illiberal measures. You will find among them, also, men who, having had a hand in four or five revolutions, have hardly a right to call themselves Conservatives. But this Janus-faced mask of Liberal-conservatism and Conservative-liberalism really represents the actual state of the country. The country is so far Liberal that it does not desire any return to open despotism, such as followed the *coup d'état* of December. It is so far Conservative that it lives in dread of revolution, and would rather keep its actual government, weak and impotent as it is, than run the risk of new commotions, even with the view and the hope of something better. The spirit of obedience of the country shows itself under a republic as it did under an empire. The Liberal-conservatives are nothing but obedient instruments of the administration of M. Thiers. Don't ask them if they prefer a monarchy to a republic, or a republic to a monarchy; if they would have the President elected by universal suffrage or elected by the Chamber; if they want one or two legislative chambers. They prefer what M. Thiers prefers, because M. Thiers is the actual tenant of power; because, not having the means, or thinking that they have not the means, of directing his policy, they are contented with obeying his direction; because the "illustrious old man" is the fountain of honor and grace, and wields the largest and most uncontrolled patronage in the world.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Our sceptical *bourgeoisie* is sleeping now more or less quietly on the pillow of a "republic without republicans." It has found a "saviour" in M. Thiers. But may he not die, as did poor M. Lambrecht the other day? Is he not seventy-four years old? Is he immortal? These are very indiscreet questions, but they don't trouble much the minds of our Liberal-conservatives. They have, or think they have, another saviour on the shelf, who, as soon as M. Thiers disappears, will appear like a *deus ex machina*. On the strength of this, we have become very optimistic. We fear nothing from the Reds, though we walk every day before our ruined monuments. We fear nothing from the Bonapartists, though their papers make open warfare on the Republic and a constant appeal to the people. This strange optimism shows the elasticity of the French nature; and it is really difficult to argue or politics with people who are led by instinct rather than by reasoning. I sometimes almost feel like admiring and envying this curious indifference of mind, which carries so many people, always contented and satisfied, over (or below—which shall I say?) the current of daily politics; which makes them so complacent to the power of the day, so forgetful of the sufferings and the lessons of the past, so hopeful and confident of the future. But a single walk in front of the ghastly ruins of the Hotel de Ville, a look at a photograph-shop where I always find people gazing at heroes of the Commune, a ride through the melancholy Bois de Boulogne or along the gloomy fortifications, the sight of a maimed young soldier, looking like the ghost of the Army of the Loire, fill me with a sentiment of revolt against this complacency, this optimism, this passiveness, which has brought France where it is now. The spirit which now rallies round the equivocal government of M. Thiers is the same which supported the Empire during eighteen years.

One of the deputies of the majority, who now is in his country place, writes to me that, in the solitude of his park, under his old trees, he has been seized with a profound melancholy. "What have we done, after all, at Versailles? We have done all we did not wish to do, and all that we wished to do we have left undone." And he will return to Versailles, and probably vote again for the government, and give longer life to a republic which he wished to overturn. Casimir Périer, the son of the minister of Louis Philippe, has joined the cabinet of M. Thiers. He never showed much of the spirit of his father, but he is a very honest man in his private character, laborious, well versed in finance. As reporter of the Commission of the Budget, he advocated strongly the establishment of an income-tax, which M. Thiers opposed. He was, during the whole Empire, a personal friend and confidential adviser of the Count de Paris. Now he enters a Republican cabinet. Does he sacrifice his affections, his political views? It would be better if he did than if he did not. For the morality of a country has less to suffer from the treachery of a few men than from the establishment of a political code which allows a man to serve all parties without losing caste in his own. The example of M. Thiers has found and will find many imitators. Public men are no longer asked to bring their views, their doctrines, into power; they are asked to leave them at the door before entering. The less *doctrinaires* they are, the better. Is it to be wondered at if the country is becoming less and less interested in politics, if the very word of politics smacks of corruption and treason? The great mass of the country craves peace and order; but it has ceased to believe in the politicians. We speak of the "illustrious

old man" who has saved France from the Commune; of "honest" Casimir Périer, but a secret feeling of contempt underlies these official expressions of adulation. The country knows that in the hour of need it has found no better statesmen than generals. The Empire had destroyed all the germs of vitality in the country; but the historian must look much further back than 1870 to find the signs of this impoverishment of the political genius in France. The Empire would have been an impossibility if the country had had political virtues. But in 1830 as in 1870, the Republic was only a truce between contending parties, who aimed at nothing but the possession of power, and the exclusion of all rivals from office. The theory which has destroyed public morality is that which allows a man to be a servant of the "state," whoever is the representative of the state. In free countries, an honest man thinks he cannot better serve his countrymen than by working faithfully and untiringly for the political and social doctrines which appear to him most adapted to the necessities of the time. Here, the occupation, the tenure of office, seem more important than the objects of government. And our actual bastard government, if it lasts long, will entirely destroy whatever remains of political morality. Our motto will become, "Live and let live."

## Correspondence.

### A PROTECTIONIST'S CHARITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with interest the article in your issue of October 26, entitled "Science and Human Brotherhood," but was somewhat struck throughout it by what I cannot but consider as a disingenuous avoidance of one aspect of the Chicago calamity. I refer to the singular illustrations its sequel affords of the beautiful accuracy, if so I may call it, of the protective system as applied to American industry, so constantly and so adversely criticised in your columns. You say in the article I refer to: "The fortunes of the whole race are being so closely linked together by science that there is nobody, from the hod-carrier up to the millionaire, who may not any morning read in the paper news from the uttermost ends of the earth depriving him of his fortune or his daily bread."

Now, sir, let me suggest one way in which protection steps in to modify the asperities to which you refer, and I cannot do so better than by calling your attention to an article in the *Tribune* of the same date with your issue from which I have quoted, entitled "Fire and Free Trade." Referring to the low tariff in operation at the time of the great New York conflagration of 1835, Mr. Greeley says: "To replace the machinery and fabrics destroyed by the fire we had to send abroad; . . . the money to replace what has now been burned will not be sent abroad to enrich foreign manufacturers; but, thanks to the wise policy of protection which has built up American industries, it will stimulate our own manufactures, set our mills running faster, and give employment to thousands of idle workmen." One fact is worth many theories. I am myself in a small way interested in certain lumber and iron enterprises. Stimulated by the suggestive article in the *Tribune*, I at once, after reading it, sat down and calculated how much the people of Chicago, in rebuilding their city, would have to pay me individually for iron and lumber in excess of ordinary profit because of the commanding position which our tariff legislators had secured me and my associates. I estimated it at \$200, and, consequently, I forthwith drew my check for half that amount and forwarded it to the Chicago Relief Fund.

Now, Sir, how can you get over such a fact as this? Here all parties were bettered by protection. I was enabled to send a handsome sum to suffering Chicago, which otherwise I could not have sent, and was yet richer by the fire in an equal sense; while Chicago received a sum in charity which, without the tariff, it could not have received. Thus we both were enriched, and no one but the foreigner was the poorer.

I hope that you will frankly confess that here at last both theory and fact favor protection. Mr. Greeley has fairly indicated, and I have proved in my own case, how a great calamity may by judicious legislation be not only materially alleviated, but actually converted, in certain respects, into a healthy and stimulating national benefit. Deeply as I should unite with you free-traders in deploring such a disaster, on humanitarian grounds, the present destruction of half of the cities of the Union could, under our present system, hardly result, as Mr. Greeley shows, otherwise than to my individual emolument. That such a system, robbing calamity of half its bitterness, must contain some beneficent features, I think that you will scarcely deny.

A. P. A.

Boston, November 1, 1871.



## Notes.

A COLLECTION of poems by Mrs. Celia Thaxter, which have mostly or wholly been in print before, will be published shortly by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and will doubtless be as favorably received as the rest of this lady's writings in the magazines have been.

—Mr. Langworthy, of Boston, recently found in Bristol, Vermont, and has presented to the Congregational Library of Boston, a clean and perfect copy of Roger L'Estrange's *Observer*. The *Observer* has been well described by Macaulay in the first volume of his history. It may be classed among the Newsletters, although, as Macaulay says, "their business was to publish news without comment, whereas the *Observer* published comment without news." It was published from 1679 to 1687, and appeared irregularly, sometimes two and three days in succession, and again dispersedly, two or three times a week. 904 numbers were issued, and, of these, not one is missing from Mr. Langworthy's copy. The fortunate finder of this collection, rare even in England, thinks it likely that this of his is the only copy in the United States. We may add that the Congregational Library of Boston is one that is being formed by the united efforts of the Congregational societies of that city—if, indeed, the Massachusetts Congregational societies generally do not take an interest in the affair—to illustrate the history of the whole come-outer movement against prelacy, called by whatever name, Non-conformist, Separatist, etc. Although no money has thus far been set aside for this library by the societies for whose use it is created, it is growing steadily from voluntary contributions, and several rare and valuable books have lately been added to it.

—A correspondent informs us that the people of Lisbon were not, as we stated in a recent article, left alone after the earthquake of 1755 "to battle as best they could with their sufferings and losses." "The news," he says, "produced the greatest sympathy throughout England, which was shown by the most extensive donations of money and clothing sent immediately to the sufferers. The City of London alone voted, if I remember aright, the sum of fifty thousand pounds as a measure of relief, an amount quite equal in purchasing power to a half-million of dollars at the present day. The same spirit that is manifested to-day in the subscriptions for the aid of the Chicago sufferers was abundantly manifested in the British metropolis in 1755." Our correspondent is right, as examination has proved to us. Dunham, in his "Spain and Portugal" (vol. v., p. 257), speaks of "the promptitude with which England despatched money, clothing, and provisions for the relief of the sufferers," a generosity which "was the more honorable, as the English Government had little reason to be satisfied with the King, who, from the commencement of his reign, had interposed whatever obstacle he could devise to the trade of the country." He adds that the Portuguese "received the relief, but cursed the heretical hands that afforded it." Horace Walpole wrote on December 5, 1755, to Sir Horace Mann: "We are despatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessities, for they want almost everything." The English share of the loss "is reckoned by some," says Walpole, "at four millions." The House of Commons, on the formal recommendation of the King, voted supplies in aid of the people of Lisbon.

—A prominent clergyman in a neighboring town in New Jersey writes us that, it having been reported that he was not going to vote for the Republican candidate for Governor at the coming election, some anonymous person has sent him an abusive and insulting letter, bearing the frank of the Hon. J. C. Platt, M.C. He justly remarks that this is a prostitution of the franking privilege which deserves public condemnation, and none the less because the Congressman in question probably "intended to do nothing more than render a general service to his party when he gave the use of his name to save his party postage, at the expense of his Government, in the circulation of campaign documents in New Jersey." Our informant adds that he has no personal knowledge of this Congressman; and, in fact, he has probably misspelt his name, for we presume he can be none other than Hon. James H. Platt, one of the representatives from Virginia. This renders the business still more edifying, and we trust that the Postmaster-General will not fail to treat Congress to the spectacle of one of its members freely lending his frank for electioneering purposes in a State not his own, at the risk of burdening the mails with blackguard letters addressed to inoffensive citizens.

—The death of Mr. Charles Babbage, the inventor of calculating machines, is announced. He was born December 26, 1792. The analytical power of his mind was early manifested. In 1815, when he was only twenty-two years old, appeared his remarkable "Essay towards the Calculus of Functions," a very general and profound sort of algebra, of which he was the

chief author. About 1822, he made his first model of a calculating machine. It was a "difference engine," that is, the first few numbers of a table being supplied to it, it would go on and calculate the others successively according to the same law. This, at least, is as correct as so short and easy a statement can be. In the following year, at the request of the Royal Society, the Government made a grant of £1,500 to enable Mr. Babbage to proceed with the construction of his machine. In 1829, the Government largely increased this sum, and in 1830 assumed the property of the machine, and declared their intention of defraying the cost of completing it. This Mr. Brunel estimated at £12,000 at a time (February, 1831) when from £8,000 to £9,000 must have been spent. It was in 1830 that Babbage published his "Enquiry into the Causes, of the Decay of Science in England," a savage attack on the management of the Royal Society; on Mr. Pond, the Astronomer-Royal; on Captain Sabine, and other influential scientific men. But it was after the publication of this book that Government agreed to furnish the engine. In 1833, a portion of the engine, sufficient to illustrate the working of the whole, was put together. It was a wonderful piece of workmanship, of a precision then unknown, and since unrivalled. To make it, it had been necessary not only to contrive new tools, but to lay a scientific foundation of the principles of tools, and to educate the mechanics who were to use them. Not a penny of the money paid by the Government ever went into Mr. Babbage's pocket, but, on the contrary, he had always advanced the money to pay the workmen until the Treasury warrants were issued, so that he was usually in advance from £500 to £1,000. In 1833, Mr. Babbage declined to continue this system, and, in consequence, the engineer discontinued the construction of the engine, dismissed the workmen, and took away all the tools. During the suspension of the work caused by this circumstance, the great misfortune of his life befell Mr. Babbage. He discovered the possibility of a new analytical engine, to which the difference engine was nothing; for it would do all the arithmetical work that that would do, but infinitely more; it would perform the most complicated algebraical processes, elimination, extraction of roots, integration, and it would find out for itself what operations it was necessary to perform; and the principle of this machine was such as immensely to simplify the means of attaining the object of a difference machine. One would suppose that, finding himself so unlucky as to have thought of such a thing, Babbage would at least have had the sense to keep it strictly to himself. Instead of that, he wrote immediately and communicated it to the Government! Before that, all was going smoothly; after that, they never would advance another penny. But it must be admitted that Mr. Babbage himself does not seem to have been very ardent to go on with the old machine after the new one was invented. Of course, neither has been constructed. Another difference engine has since been made by a Swede, named Scheutz. This machine is now at the Albany Observatory, and a duplicate of it is used in the office of the Registrar-General in London. Recently, an important new plan for such an engine has been invented in this country; and careful estimates show that it could be constructed for at most \$5,000. But the analytical engine is, beyond question, the most stupendous work of human invention. It is so complicated that no man's mind could trace the manner of its working through drawings and descriptions, and its author had to invent a new notation to keep account of it. This mechanical notation has been found very serviceable for simpler cases.

—Mr. Babbage wrote some works which come within the department of political economy. He has introduced several principles of rather subsidiary importance; but his books are more valuable for the striking facts which they contain. He was also the author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises. He was a single-minded and honorable man of science, who hated intrigues and charlatanism. He was witty and entertaining, and knew how to make himself agreeable to the public, but he did not do it by anything verging upon claptrap. He would invent a ballet or invent an automaton to play *tit-tat-too*, but he did not confound such things with his scientific claims. He was a real genius, but with a not infrequent fault of genius, an egregious and lamentable vanity. There is a trace of it, perhaps, in the following sentence, which may be taken as his epitaph: "If," he says, "it is the will of that Being who gave me the endowments which led to the discovery of the analytical engine that I should not live to complete my work, I bow to that decision with intense gratitude for those gifts, conscious that through life I have never hesitated to make the severest sacrifices of fortune, and even of feelings, in order to accomplish my imagined mission."

—A very handsomely printed and well-arranged collection of "Three and Four Place Tables of Logarithmic and Trigonometric Functions," by Professor James Mills Peirce (published by Ginn Brothers, Boston), which lies upon our table for notice, reminds us of another debt which the world owes to Mr. Babbage. The publication of his logarithms in 1826 makes an era in the art of computation. They were the first ones in which the proper pains

were taken to avoid errors, especially by the thorough examination of the stereotype plates. They were also the first ones of which the arrangement, shape, and size of type, manner of ruling, and color of ink and paper, had been determined upon only after careful experimentation. Babbage tried fifty different colors of paper and ten of ink, and found that the blackest ink upon light buff paper was the least fatiguing to the eye. Much attention has since been paid to all such points which facilitate or expedite computation, and some principles of dividing the page by ruled lines have been discovered which were unknown to Babbage. In 1841, Mr. De Morgan called attention to the great advantages of four-place tables. They can be used with twice the speed of five-place tables, and with four times the speed of seven-place tables, and, as De Morgan pointed out, for navigation and most ordinary purposes have all the accuracy which is desirable. Three-place tables are a later notion. They were strongly advocated by Mr. T. Chappellier in 1863; and we know those who have used them for the last four years with unspeakable comfort for all rough approximate work. For ordinary people who do not have enough calculations to make to keep them in practice in using even five-place tables, the three and four-place tables may, in many cases, be of real utility, if the use of them is once learned.

—Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, Bart., died in London on Sunday, the 22d ult. Geological and geographical science loses in him one who in his day of active labor did a full share of the work in both departments, and who, in his later years, has worthily filled the place of a Nestor. Born in Rosshire, in Scotland, nearly eighty years ago, he was fortunate enough to add to the natural aptitude which his countrymen seem to have for geological studies the acquired skill of an engineer, by an education at the military school of Marlow, so that he came with good preparation to his work. His first important work was done under the guidance of Dr. Buckland. At that time the great task of the geologists was to unravel the confused masses of rocks which lie below the coal measures, and which had been left under the general name of *Grauwacke* after the separation of the more clearly distinguished overlying formations. Nowhere in Europe could the study of those groups of rocks known as Devonian and Silurian have been so well undertaken as in Great Britain. Murchison and Sedgwick began about the same time to determine the relations of these rocks. Working somewhat independently of each other, they were fortunate enough each to work out a great division in those beds—Murchison the Silurian, and Sedgwick the Cambrian rocks. Naturally enough, they quarrelled about the sharing of their discoveries, each claiming the Lower Silurian as his own property. Geologists have pretty generally given Sedgwick an equal share in the honor to be gained by the division of the old *Grauwacke* and the interpretation of those early stages of the earth's history, but to Murchison unquestionably belongs the credit of having done the work as well from the study of the organic remains as from the purely physical data; and this at a day when the use of fossils as agents in determining rocks was a decided advance in the science. The record of this, the most important work of his long scientific life, was given to the world in his "Silurian System of Rocks" (imp. quarto, pp. 768, London, 1839), republished in the fourth edition of the "Siluria," in 1867. In 1846, Murchison advised the miners of Cornwall to emigrate to Australia and dig for gold, basing his prediction upon the coincidence in geological structure between the cordilleras of Australia and the gold-bearing rocks of the Ural. There can be no doubt that the discovery of gold had been made over six years before by De Strzelecki, and again by W. B. Clarke in 1841, but the whole matter having been hushed up by the local authorities for fear of spoiling the morals of the colony by the migration which the publication of such facts would bring, it had never come to Murchison's ears. It remains, therefore, one of the few peculiarly valuable vaticinations of geologists. He was also singularly successful at a later date in his anticipation of the physical geography of the interior of Southern Africa from the geology of the region about Cape Town. Next to the Silurian discoveries, his greatest work was the "Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains," which he, together with De Verneuil and Keyserling, published in 1845. This work, in two volumes quarto, with map and sections, is one of the greatest contributions to geology of its time. In it Murchison divided the Permian from the carboniferous, as he had proposed to do in 1841, in a publication of some of the results of the survey. This was an addition to the science of the same kind as his Silurian researches, but showed far less critical ability, inasmuch as he confounded the Trias and Permian to such an extent that the very town of Perm, whence the name was taken, rests on the former rock. Jules Marcou first called attention to this considerable error, and so completed the discrimination of the newly discovered stage of our history. Besides these two *chefs-d'œuvre*, there are over a hundred and twenty other distinct works from his pen, mostly in the shape of memoirs contributed to the learned societies of Great Britain. All these are valuable; some of them

among the best essays of British geologists. As Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and President of the Geographical Society, both of which grew to their greatness under his charge, he did not the least of his work. Knowing Africa after the fashion that Ritter knew Asia, he has been able to do much to direct the zeal of the explorers who of late years have struggled into its recesses. By the death of Sir Roderick, the convulsionist school of geologists loses its greatest leader; to the last, he strove against the views which Sir Charles Lyell has made so thoroughly his own. He died with the conviction, that the world was the product of a series of great revolutionary changes, unlike in character or in energy the changes which are now taking place before our eyes. The last man who could claim to have studied with William Smith, the father of English geology, he was a bridge over the half-century which separates us from the early days of the science he did so much to build.

—Mr. J. W. Bouton has on hand a most curious specimen of book-making: ten large quarto volumes of mounted scraps relating to tobacco. The contents of this remarkable production of industry and enthusiasm comprise prints and wood-cuts, portraits of renowned smokers, tobacco-papers, newspaper cuttings, and several pamphlets and poems, including Mr. Fairholt's little book on tobacco, but, oddly enough, not including King James's "Counterblast." In turning over this singular *omnium gatherum*, we have come upon a few things interesting to other men beside smokers and chewers of tobacco. Here is a charming portrait of Hogarth, engraved from the original in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. The title adds: "This portrait of Mr. Hogarth was made me a present of by him in friendly return for a tobacco-box I gave him. Sm. Graves. Chiswick, 29th Dec., 1761." There is also a portrait of Jean Bart, from a painting by Rigaud, engraved on copper and colored. Two tracts—one in prose, "A Treatise concerning the taking of the Fumes of Tobacco. By To. Venner. London, 1650"; and the other in verse, with the odd title, "Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered about their Eares that idly idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, etc., etc."—will interest those who love to rake among forgotten things.

—The squabbles of men of science have been long as notorious for their ferocity as the squabbles of theologians, and are fully as amusing. There is perhaps nothing more amusing in this line than Büchner's defence of his celebrated book, "Matter and Force," against his critics, in his preface to his third and subsequent editions, the English translation of which appeared last year. The assault made by the book on established beliefs was so terrible that it naturally drew forth a host of replies in Germany, many of them doubtless vituperative enough, but one hardly expected the great materialistic preacher to meet them with their own weapons. The editor of the *Frankfurter Katholisches Kirchenblatt*, "the parish priest," Beda Weber, he "dismisses," on account of the "melancholy notoriety" he has acquired, but not without pronouncing him a "theological cut-throat," who would revive the Inquisition if he could. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Dr. Büchner says, is "well known to be better informed of everything which passes in heaven and on earth than God himself." Mr. Karl Gutzkow, who attacks the book from "his domestic hearth," is advised to apply himself "to learning something from popular books, instead of criticising them." But Mr. Wolfgang Menzel, having called the Doctor's theories, in his *Literaturblatt*, "most vulgar blasphemy," making "man the son of a monkey and a bestial machine," and also "meanest empiricism" and "contamination of youth," the Doctor declares he is not surprised by such expressions, Menzel "having long been accustomed to find them in his own vulgar writings," and he denounces him as "a former demagogue and devourer of the French." The *Kirchner Zeitung* is informed that "its pious ejaculations and heart-rending groans" are ludicrous; and "the pious poet of the *Frankfurter Anzeiger*, who," says the doctor, "on our account paid for two insertions of his verses, is hereby informed that we have not been favored with a visit from his little angel." The insinuation that the verses were only published by the author's paying for their insertion is peculiarly cutting. In the preface to the fourth edition, the author comes back to the wretched Gutzkow, who appears to have rallied and returned to the charge. We are now told that Dr. Büchner has only spoken to him twice, and "has for the last five or six years moved in a sphere quite inaccessible to him," and that he (Gutzkow) writes from a "pothouse." Dr. Wilhelm Schultz Bodmer, of Zurich, "only showed by his witticisms how little he could prevail on himself to hold his tongue concerning things which are beyond his sphere of vision." His jokes are pronounced "miserable," and the Doctor "prefers not to mention the effect they produce on him." Schultz's assault on the author's assertion that the male brain is heavier than the female, he impudently supports by the assertion that Dr. Büchner, "being a bachelor, can know nothing of the matter empirically." To this the latter replies that there are women who have more intellect than their husbands; but exceptions prove nothing against a rule, and "the personal experience" (this



is very cutting) "of Mr. Schultz might prove sufficient for him, but not for science." Dr. Weber, a grand-ducal physician at Ulrichstein, is handled with almost equal severity; but nobody catches it like Mr. H. Langenbeck, of Göttingen, who attacked the Doctor in a work written "for the benefit of indigent Hanoverian physicians." "It might more fittingly," Dr. Büchner says, "have been written for the benefit of an asylum of idiots," and he says the contents show that the inside of Mr. Langenbeck's head "must somewhat resemble the cabbage-market of Göttingen after market-day."

—Not art, exactly, but the work of a man very clever with his pencil, is "The Communists of Paris in 1871: Types, Physiognomies, Characters," by Bertall, editor of the *Soir* during the Commune. The illustrations appear to be engraved on wood in a free style, touched up afterwards with color. They are rather more of the nature of caricature than they should be to make them a valuable contribution to the history of the time, but, considering how much human nature there is in Frenchmen, they are all we can expect until the lion himself is allowed to paint the picture. While caricatures of all sorts—some so monstrous as to be suited only for a society of Honyhahns—are allowed to be sold freely all over Paris, the photographs of the Communists are not permitted to be sold, which is a thoroughly French idea of justice. Among the caricatures, however, since it is these that must stand us in the place of truth, the pictures of M. Bertall are the best that we have seen. Here are the General-in-Chief, Bergeret; the Procureur, Raoul Rigault; Delescluze, the Minister of War; Vallès, member of the Commune; the General Commandant, La Cecilia; Assi, Colonel délégué aux munitions de guerre, with others of less importance. The book is worth an examination.

—The *Moniteur des Architectes* has reached its fourth year, and contains in its latest numbers many hints and suggestions in design that will find a ready hearing among the New York idolaters of the modern French "*style laid*," as we once heard an intelligent blouse characterize it, in speaking of the new opera-house. But, more remarkable than any of the designs in this work, we have found the frank admissions of the Introductory Note. "Our country," says the editor, "has trusted too much in these later years to its glorious past; even before our military reverses, the world had begun to question our supremacy in the arts and in science. A neighboring nation, which, since then, has made us feel, and that terribly, all the weight of her strength, was showing us with pride what she, too, could accomplish while we were slumbering in an over-confident vanity. To-day it is necessary for us to fight foot-to-foot against an enemy who, after having humiliated our arms, is endeavoring to rob us of our moral crown. Let us seize with vigilance every part of the field of human intelligence, that no German may ever penetrate it without finding there the footprint of some Frenchman who has been there before him. This is the way in which we can avenge ourselves, the way in which we ought to do it. This is how France can buy back her past glory, and make it greater than ever. It is not in rushing again into new hazards before we are fully armed for revenge; it is in showing ourselves superior to Germany in science, in industry, in art, and, above all, in morals."

### THOMAS JEFFERSON.\*

WE have had occasion from time to time to moralize over the caducity of fame, and the swiftness of oblivion to settle down upon the memory of men who once filled the public scene, almost as soon as they have left it. And thus not merely the common herd of politicians, to most of whom forgetfulness is the kindest boon survivors can bestow upon them—

"Heads without name, no more remembered—"

but such as had been general benefactors to those that have come after them, who are the better that they have lived. No such reflections, however, are suggested by the celebrated name with which we are briefly to deal here. Jefferson is one of those lucky heirs of fame who enter into their inheritance while they yet live, and, more fortunate than many others, his has increased and multiplied as years have gone on their course. It was his fortune to put into words the cardinal idea on which the history of the world has turned ever since, and never more rapidly than now. That "all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," was no invention of Jefferson's. Many great and good minds in all ages had entertained it as a beautiful vision, a dream too blessed to come to pass, like the return of the Golden Age or the discovery of the Islands of the Blest. The freethinkers of the eighteenth century had made it abstractly familiar to the minds of the men of Jefferson's generation. But he was the first to formulate it, so to

speak, epigrammatically, so that all men could understand and remember it. And at a most critical moment of the world's history, at the moment of the birth of the latest-born of nations, he breathed it into the infant Republic as the vital principle by which she was to live and move and have her being. He could not foresee whether his idea would lead mankind, but he believed in its divinity, and was willing to trust his country and the world to its guidance. Though the evil passions and imperfect intelligence of men have blackened and impeded its path with many crimes and infinite follies, we may be sure that it will at last vindicate itself, though through much tribulation, as able to lead mankind into rational freedom, general prosperity, and intelligent happiness.

Jefferson's hold upon the memory and gratitude of mankind will finally depend on that immortal sentence, and the influence it has had and will have on the destinies of the race. As his public life and actions are subjected more and more critically to the analyses of history, the less will he be found to deserve the name of a great statesman. He was what Napoleon used to call an *idéologue*, or what was called in Louis Philippe's time a *doctrinaire*. Such minds are essentially unstatesmanlike, for they are so possessed of their ideas and theories that they cannot make the allowance for human nature and existing circumstances that is essential for the adaptation of measures to the necessities and the possibilities of human conditions. It is lucky for us, and for his memory, too, that Jefferson was in France at the time of the formation of the Federal Constitution, or it might not have come out of the alembic of the Convention the quintessence of political common-sense that it is, now that it has eliminated the slave-clauses, which were all that ever really endangered its perpetuity. And, dangerous as the element of slavery was, we can now see, looking at the state of affairs at that day from this distance of time, that it could hardly have been better managed than it was. His official action as Secretary of State to Washington, and afterwards as President, has left not a single beneficial trace on the history of his country. The narrow school of plantation politics in which he had grown up, taught him when President to adopt a line of conduct at once fatal to the prosperity and dangerous to the safety of the nation while it was committed to his charge. In obedience to the passions and prejudices of the party that had raised him to power, which he doubtless shared, in favor of the French and against the English in the great conflict for the deliverance of Europe from the ambition of Bonaparte, he pursued a course of policy which naturally tended to provoke the war which broke out after his retirement, while refusing to make any preparation for it. For commerce Jefferson felt the contempt of his class, and early in his career had written that he wished that the United States could be surrounded with a Chinese wall to separate them from the rest of the world, and that all the inhabitants might be husbandmen. So he made the weapons of his warfare with England out of the ruins of trade, by means of non-importation and non-intercourse and embargo acts, while resisting any addition to the navy, which the planting interest regarded as of use only to the seaboard, and notably to New England. The misery he thus occasioned was extreme and widespread, weighing with cruel oppression even upon the Slave States, until his own followers rose in rebellion against him; and the navy was enlarged, and the commercial restrictions abolished, in spite of his resistance, and to his great mortification, just before he gave way to Madison.

The recuperative energies of the North, however, enabled it to rise out of the prostration to which Jefferson's policy had reduced it, to a higher point of prosperity than ever before reached, as soon as it was freed from the legislative shackles which weighed it down. But the lasting and almost fatal injuries which Jefferson inflicted on the country, and under the effects of which it yet suffers, were of a more organic nature. The first of these was the purchase of the foreign province of Louisiana by a mere confirmation of the treaty of acquisition by Congress, though he had beforehand stated his conviction that it could only be lawfully done by an amendment to the Constitution authorizing it. Having sworn to maintain the Constitution, which he admitted gave no power to Congress to acquire territory outside the original limits of the nation, he could write to his constitutional legal adviser, the Attorney-General, "The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty, the better. Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion about the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." And this, not because there was the slightest doubt of the ratification of the proper amendment, for there was no division of opinion as to the necessity of the command of the mouth of the Mississippi. But the slaveholding instinct of Jefferson's advisers, if not his own, discerned the advantage to be gained by the precedent, which would place the indefinite extension of slave territory in the hands of a majority of Congress, in which the united South were always sure of holding the balance of power. The purchase of Florida, the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and the enormous addi-

\* "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson. Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences. By his Great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1871.

tion of territory consequent upon it, were all engineered by means of Congress, and all in the interest of slavery. And hence the pride that went before its fall of the slaveholding heart, and the bloody war that was necessary to put an end to the mischiefs which were the logical and natural sequence of Mr. Jefferson's Louisiana precedent.

"Hæc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit."

The other enduring mischief which Jefferson bequeathed to us, and which if not abolished is almost as ominous of national dishonor and ruin as negro slavery itself, was making the national offices the price of political services. It is true that he did not carry out the principle to its logical results as thoroughly as Jackson did thirty years afterward, at the beginning of his disgraceful administration. But the principle was established by Jefferson which Marcy afterwards reduced to the infamous formula that "to the victors belong the spoils," and which has made the paid service of the nation for the last forty years a corruption fund from which to bribe the people with their own money to do the dirty work of politicians by profession. These two fatal precedents were all Jefferson left for the guidance of those that were to come after him. They are the only lasting impressions his hand made upon the history of his country during the eight years of his administration.

We have consumed so much of the modest space allotted us in considering the use which Mr. Jefferson made of his power when he had reached it, that we have none left to speak of his methods of approaching and attaining it. His way of managing the purchase of Louisiana was characteristic of his underhand and tortuous political course from his return from France forward. But we must pass by his intrigues against his colleagues in Washington's first cabinet, of which he was the head, and his secret encouragement of a malignant opposition press; his imputations of traitorous designs to such men as Adams, Hamilton and Jay, and his endeavors to blacken their characters and destroy their influence; the duplicity of his conduct towards Washington, who refused to believe what was told him of it until the letter to Mazzei, *ricocheting* back across the Atlantic, brought proofs which even his generous and unsuspecting nature could not reject. It is pleasanter to turn to the side of his character presented to us in the work which has suggested what we have said. Every one who reads it, however rooted may be his disapprobation of Mr. Jefferson's public career, must allow that, in his private life, he was entirely amiable and charming. It introduces us into the bosom of his family, and conducts us through his long life in the society of his children and friends from his boyhood to his death. We have no room even to indicate the course of his career, which led him from the obscurity of a remote plantation and the practice of a country lawyer to Independence Hall and his immortal part therein performed, thence to the Court of France in the last days of the *ancien régime*, and so back to the Cabinet of Washington, the Vice-Presidency, and the Presidency. This brilliant picture, of course, is not without its necessary shadows. Bereavement and sorrow chastened alike the tranquil happiness of his private life and the triumphant successes of his public life; and these successive domestic calamities he encountered with a manly fortitude and resignation truly admirable. No one can read without emotion the account of the death of his beautiful and beloved daughter Maria, at the triumphant moment of his second election, for whom one cannot help feeling a personal affection after reading his letters concerning and to her in her childhood. His letters to his daughters are simply charming, and place him in a most amiable and admirable light. He had a genuine love of a country life, though we think that his devoted great-granddaughter will hardly persuade her readers that he would really have preferred ruling over a plantation of a hundred and fifty slaves to being the head of a nation, or that he could have enjoyed the monotonous retirement of a plantation more than the varieties of society which the capital afforded him. His manners were polished and engaging, and his conversation full of variety and entertainment. His general information and knowledge of literature were extensive, though it must necessarily have been largely superficial. His amiable descendant is, perhaps, hardly aware of how great is her demand on the faith of her readers when she asks them to believe that her ancestor issued from William and Mary College at twenty "a fine mathematician, a finished Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian scholar!" Of course it was impossible that a fourth-rate little provincial college could have supplied the means, could Jefferson have found the time, for acquisitions which have rarely been reached in a long life spent in the midst of every facility and advantage for knowledge. As to Latin, if the touching epitaph he wrote for his sister was meant for verse, as the arrangement of the lines would seem to indicate, we think it would be hard to reduce them to any form of poetry known to Latin prosody. As to French, he himself admits, in a letter from France, p. 106, that he was not a master of it. Speaking of the progress of his daughter Martha in the language, he says: "She speaks French as easily

as English; while Humphreys, Short, and myself are scarcely better at it than when we landed." Still, we have no doubt that he had acquired a passable reading knowledge of those tongues, which, though creditable to his industry and love of literature, is very far from a mastery of them. It is painful to read how the latter days of Jefferson were clouded over by narrowing means. Embarrassed in his circumstances, run down by merciless hordes of visitors, and oppressed by the exactions of insatiate correspondents, his closing life might well have been a burden to him before he laid it down had it not been for the natural cheerfulness and elasticity of his temperament. Of the particulars of his life after his retirement from public affairs, Miss Randolph gives a clear and agreeable narrative. Her book is one of singular interest, which has extorted from us the unusual compliment of a second reading. She has done her work well, leaving her famous ancestor to describe himself as far as possible, and filling up the interstices with skill and grace. He will be better known and more mildly judged because of her pious tribute to his memory.

#### SIBERIAN ADVENTURE.\*

No expedition can be called a failure which has given to the world four such narratives as those of Messrs. Whympier, Dall, Kennan, and Bush, by which our knowledge of both shores of the Pacific, from the mouth of the Amoor River to Sitka, has been immensely increased. All of these works, except the last, have been reviewed in these columns, and Mr. Bush's experience has been to a great extent anticipated by his fellow-explorer, Mr. Kennan—not, be it understood, in respect of incidents, for they were not companions, but of a common field, viz., from Ghizhiga northward to and along the Myan and Anadyr Rivers. But considerably more than half of the book is occupied with an account of Mr. Bush's adventures in reaching Ghizhiga by skirting the difficult coast of the Okhotsk Sea. This part of his journey he performed truly in the character of a pioneer, and on taking leave of Mr. Kennan at Petropavlosk he entered upon much the longest, most tedious and disagreeable, if not the most dangerous, route to their rendezvous. In fact, it would be difficult to imagine much more disgusting travelling than that which the author and his party endured among the marshes, lakes, rivers, and mountainous divides which lay in their course from Nikolayefsk to Oudskoi Bay. In the plains the weather was as sloppy as the footing; in the gorges, the deep new-fallen snow made progress an equally hard matter for the reindeer and their riders; on the rivers, the smooth ice, or, where the tide could act, rough hummocks, interposed delays; and, great as were the hardships of the mountain trail from thence to Okhotsk, they are far less depressing to read about, and were probably less so in reality.

It was on this dismal trip that Mr. Bush first made the acquaintance of the reindeer, and it proved to be as little the reindeer of his imagination as Kamtchatka the desolate and inhospitable region he had pictured it:

"About half a mile distant, picking their way along the rocky beach, approached a long train of awkward, clumsy-looking animals, most of them white, which one would readily have mistaken for cows at a distance. In the first place, such a thing as a white deer had never occurred to me, at least. As they drew nearer, we distinguished their large antlers, but the troop was a regular Falstaff's brigade, as far as uniformity was concerned. Most of them were white, the remainder having brown backs and light-colored bellies. Two or three of the band had fine, large, complete antlers; but of the remainder some had the right horn missing, and others were minus the left; a few had both horns chopped off about six inches from the skull, leaving a savage-looking, fan-like prong projecting over the forehead, shaped something like a person's hand. These last were all bucks, and were trained for riding, their horns having been cut off for fear of injury to the rider. There were still others that had no antlers at all, having lost them fighting each other, or broken them off in the woods."

These deer followed one after the other, tied together with halters of seal-thong, and the leaders being ridden by men whose fur clothing made them seem quite disproportionate burdens, and whose bodies "swayed from side to side with each step of the deer." This motion resulted from the looseness of the skin on the deer's shoulders, and made riding an accomplishment which Mr. Bush was slow to acquire. He thought himself to be congratulated when his falls did not average more than one in every half-mile or so, though one of them, he admits, occasioned him some mortification. "The deer was standing perfectly still at the time, which put me off my guard, and, by simply turning its head to one side, I lost my equilibrium, and the saddle turned." For many weary miles behind this slow creature, whose gait, in spite of the rider's unceasing exertions with hand and foot and throat, was seldom faster than a walk, our author pursued his cheerless and frozen way; and it was with a great sense of relief that he exchanged this mode of travelling for dog-

\* "Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes: A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations made in the Years 1865, 1866, and 1867. By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition." With illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 1871. Pp. 529.



teams, which accomplished the latter half of the journey to Ghizhiga in nineteen days instead of four and a half months, the distance in each case being twelve hundred miles.

Mr. Bush was favorably impressed by the Russian character at the various settlements which he visited, and with good reason, for they not only contributed everything in their power to promote his success, but refreshed him with the sight of a civilization scarcely different from that of the mother country, and a hospitality which knew no bounds. The priesthood of these remote colonies were likewise true to their prototypes west of the Caspian—lazy, dissolute, and addicted to gambling. The Cossacks proved admirable servants, and of them Mr. Bush tells some stories which nobody will charge him with inventing nor yet believe until confirmed by seeing:

"This day," he says, "we had an opportunity of witnessing one of those marvellous feats of strength of which people frequently hear, but few are permitted to see. In fact, we were somewhat dubious ourselves as to the correctness of our eyesight, nor did we believe until there was no other alternative. The hero of the occasion was Yakov, our Cossack, himself a small man in stature; but, as the feat was accomplished with his teeth and jaws this, perhaps, is not to be considered. It happened in this wise: While discharging our cargo from the *Gonets*, one of the leather-covered panniers was badly broken. This had to be repaired before it could be used in packing, and we were at a loss to know where to procure nails for the purpose. At length, among our articles, part of a box was found in which several nails were tightly driven; but then the difficulty of extracting these without breaking them off presented itself. Our hatchet was tried, and so was every other means at hand, but without success. Finally, the Cossack deliberately knelt, placing his knees upon the fragment so as to hold it perfectly steady, and with his teeth extracted the only two remaining unbroken. Upon our expressing astonishment at this, Swartz informed us that most of these people have powerful jaws and teeth. Always, in purchasing an axe, they test its quality by trying to bite the edge off. This test is so effective that they are rarely imposed upon."

This obliging fellow, not long after, when the feet of the party were swollen and boots shrunken to such an extent that they despaired of getting them off at all, "came to the rescue, and by the application of his teeth to the toe of each boot (which were fortunately long), aided by his hands at the heels, effected his purpose with surprising ease."

The native tribes form an interesting feature in this narrative, but not much that is new is told about them, and they have most of the characteristic failings of savages. Their improvidence especially, of which their almost incredible gluttony in times of plenty is the complement, is here fearfully illustrated in more than one instance of winter famine. Life is then sustained by such last expedients as boiling the seal-thongs of their sledges, while their poor dogs perish unless they furnish food for each other. A particularly harrowing case at Markova, on the Anadyr, is thus related:

"A few hours afterwards another man came, and wanted my advice on a matter that he said had been troubling him for several days, and which he was unable to decide upon for himself.

"You know, barin (sir)," he said, "the winter has hardly commenced. I have a wife and seven children, and seven dogs to support, and not a pound of meat or fish to give them. But I have some deerskins and eight fathoms of seal-thong which I can boil up. These are not enough to sustain the family and the dogs too until the Tchutchus come to trade, and I don't know where to get any more, as my neighbors are all starving too."

"Here he hesitated a moment, and, with a faltering voice, said:

"If my children perish, I shall have my dogs left; but if my dogs perish, how can I go to the Tchutchus to get deer? Then my family will starve, and I shall have neither family nor dogs."

"What he wanted me to decide was whether he should let his family or his dogs starve. This only serves to show the desperate straits to which some of them were reduced."

We must close our quotations from this instructive book with a passage relating to the perpetual daylight in midsummer on the Anadyr:

"What struck me as being most singular was the regularity with which birds and animals observed the hours of rest and activity. Upon emerging from our quarters, at one time, all would be full of life and activity; wreaths of smoke curling from the mud chimneys of the different habitations, and the natives constantly passing back and forth with sled-loads of dry sticks for fuel, drawn by teams of wide-awake dogs. Strings of women would be wending their way to the water-holes, and returning with their tubs full to the brim, and suspended to poles carried across their shoulders; while loose dogs could be seen prowling about the village, catching field-mice, or contesting with the magpies for the possession of some stray morsel of food. In the neighboring trees grouse and numerous other birds fluttered about from limb to limb, plucking fresh buds from the twigs, and filling the air with their notes. Intermingled with these could be heard the sound of the axe, the shouts of the dog-drivers, and the laughs and songs of the girls going to the well. Everything and everybody was alive and awake.

"A few hours afterward, I again step from my quarters, and, though the sun is shining as brightly as before, all is hushed, and a death-like silence prevails. No smoke, no people, are to be seen. Here and there, coiled up in the snow, with their bushy tails covering their faces, lie the village dogs wrapped in oblivion; and the magpies, with drooping tails and closed eyes, sit nodding on the sled-bows and rough projections of the houses. Not a movement is visible among the bare limbs of the neighboring forest, but here and there, on all sides, the white grouse may be seen with their heads

nestled under their wings, and their snowy feathers hugged closely to their sides for warmth. With the regularity of a clock, at just such times, all nature retires to rest, and, with equal precision, each morning she arouses herself."

The above is a favorable specimen of our author's descriptive powers. Of his journal as a whole, we may say that it is too nearly a journal, or diary, to possess all the interest that a briefer story would have had; but nevertheless a more skilful writer might have failed to impart so clear an idea of the country traversed, the obstacles overcome, the people encountered, and the feats accomplished, as Mr. Bush's readers who will be patient enough will certainly have. Add to this a style perfectly modest and without affectation, and there is little for which we cannot praise the author and his book.

*A History of England: Political, Military, and Social; from the Earliest Times to the Present.* By Benson J. Lossing, author of "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution and War of 1812," etc. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, Association Building. 1871. 12mo, pp. 647.)—Mr. Lossing has done good service in American history, and is an authority in his own department of it. His defect as a writer arises from the extent and minuteness of his information, joined with a lack of what we may call the power of perspective. He does not give too much incident, but too many incidents; so that the general impression is crowded and indistinct. When he sets out to tell a story, he tells it with animation and clearness; but, in general, he has so many things to relate that he fails to tell any one of them in his best manner; so that he neither interests nor instructs the reader as much as he might. He is destitute of that most important gift, knowing what to omit. The "History of England" before us exemplifies all these characteristics. In many parts it is excellently told. We will instance, as particularly good, the account of the reign of Henry VIII., and the descriptions of the character of many of the kings; for instance, of Stephen and of Richard II. But, as a whole, the book is deficient in point and emphasis. We have not a very high regard for chapters upon manners and customs, of which Mr. Lossing makes quite a specialty. Manners and customs have no vitality apart from the men and women who practise them; and such chapters are generally nothing but the dry bones of daily life. A good historical novel, or a graphic story from history (like those of Miss Yonge), and a few genuine illustrations (like those in the "Pictorial History of England") or anecdotes, such as Mr. Lossing occasionally introduces, are worth far more than pages of description. On the other hand, he somewhat neglects a branch which would be of real service—the history of government and of constitutional usages; much of which would be appropriate even in a school history, which this is designed to be. For instance, no intimation is given that Henry I., Stephen, and John were formally elected as kings. Again, in matters which would seem to come exactly in his way, he has omitted points of the first importance; as, of the effects of the "Black Death" upon the price of labor, and of the act in Queen Elizabeth's reign upon which all pauper legislation, down to the present century, has been based.

In a book which covers nearly two thousand years of time, it is not to be expected that all periods will be treated with the same ease and success; and we find that Mr. Lossing is relatively fuller and better in the middle period than in either the earliest or the latest; and, again, that he is less accurate the further he is removed from his own times. There are two or three unaccountable errors. On page 45, Judith, the widow of Ethelwolf, is said to have been the mother of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who lived two centuries later. On page 76, we have the death of Earl Godwin; but on page 78 he is represented, thirteen years later, as procuring the coronation of his son Harold, with the statement, which is not a correct one, that this was done "without waiting for the consent of the great council of wise men," which, as it happened, was in session at the time. We object, also, to a very sweeping style of assertion which is occasionally employed in cases where it is not by any means justified. For instance, Mr. Lossing inclines to favor Richard III., as he has a perfect right to do if he sees reason; but it is surely not true of his crimes that "probably not one would have been heard of had he, instead of Richmond, been the victor at Bosworth." If he reigned well, as he certainly appears in some measure to have done, it is no more than many a bloody and unscrupulous usurper before him has done when once the throne was gained. Again, it is rather strong to say of Henry VII. that he "had really not a shadow of right to the crown." Nor do we see with what right Raleigh is called a "lad man"—an epithet which should be reserved for such men as Strafford, Lauderdale, and Sunderland. Mr. Lossing, like some other writers, speaks of the Angevin line of kings, which came in with Henry II., as the "Saxon line restored," on the ground that Henry's grandmother, Matilda of Scotland, was descended from the Saxon kings. He might almost as well give this

name to William II., for he, too, was descended from Alfred, on his mother's side. To be sure, Matilda was the legitimate heir of Edmund Ironsides, the last of her line; so that Henry united whatever hereditary claims she had upon the throne; but these were practically none at all, for it was not as an Englishman, but, primarily, as a descendant of William the Conqueror, that he succeeded. A few slight errors may be noticed. We find more than once Sir Edmund Berry (for Edmundbury) Godfrey. The Emperor Henry III. (the Black) is called (page 70) Henry the Pious, a title that belongs to Henry II. The Emperor of Austria is spoken of in 1791 (p. 547), thirteen years before there was any such potentate. Wolsey's "Ego et Rex meus" (p. 313) was not "absurd arrogance," but good Latin. Clement the Eighth (p. 315) should be "the Seventh." The historical maps (three in number) are pretty good, but not at all what we have a right to expect after the example set by Mr. Freeman's "Old English History for Children"; and, of all writers, we should have supposed that Mr. Lossing would take pains to have illustrative pictures, which, in a book like this, would be very serviceable.

*The Conservative Reformation and its Theology.* By Chas. P. Krauth, D.D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—In a ponderous octavo of 840 pages, Dr. Krauth vindicates the spirit, the aims, and the theology of Luther's Reformation, as distinguished from the positions of Calvin, Zwingli, and other reformers, and contrasted with the progressive spirit of later church move-

ments. He regards the conservative features of Luther's doctrine—as, for instance, touching the sacrament of the Supper—as providing the true nucleus for the union of the scattered elements of Protestantism against Popery. How little the spirit of his own book is likely to foster such a union may be inferred from his manner of speaking of theological opponents. "The insect-minded sectarian allows the Reformation very little merit except as it prepared the way for the putting forth in due time of the particular twig of Protestantism on which he crawls, and which he imagines bears all the fruit, and gives all the value to the tree. As the little green tenants of the rose-bush might be supposed to argue that the rose was made for the purpose of furnishing them a home and food, so these small speculators find the root of the Reformation in the particular part of Providence which they consent to adopt and patronize. The Reformation, as they take it, originated in the divine plan for furnishing a nursery for sectarian Aphides." Whereas, according to Dr. Krauth, the Reformation had two great fruits—the Lutheran Church and the Augsburg Confession! The properties of these "Aphides," however, he develops with much learning and ability.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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